Outlook Abroad: A Time of Trouble

The Reporter

March 3, 1953 25c

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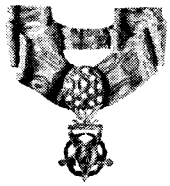
First Lieutenant Carl H. Dodd Medal of Honor

"USE MARCHING FIRE—and *follow me!*" Shouting this command, Lieutenant Carl Dodd struck out in advance of his platoon to lead the assault on Hill 256, near Subuk, Korea. During the fierce in-fighting that followed, he constantly inspired his men by his personal disregard of death. Once, alone, he wiped out a machine gun nest; another time, a mortar. After two furious days, Dodd's outnumbered, but spirited, force had won the vital hill.

"You were helping, too," says Lieutenant Dodd. "You and the millions of other citizens who have bought U.S. Defense Bonds. For your Bonds, *which keep America strong*, were behind the productive power that gave us the weapons we used.

"I hope you'll go on buying Bonds—always. Because your Bonds—and our bayonets—make an unbeatable combination for keeping safe the land that we all love!"

★ ★ ★



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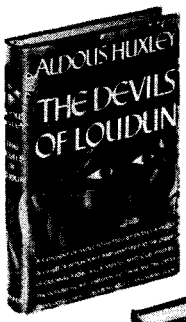

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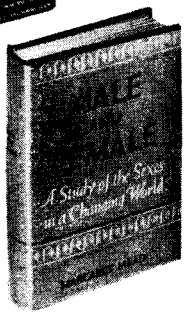

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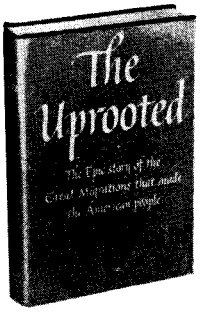

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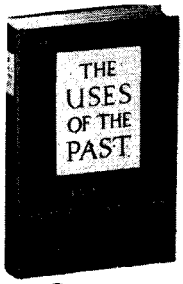

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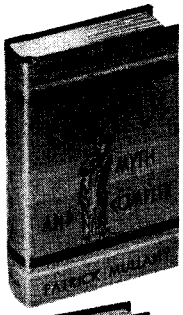

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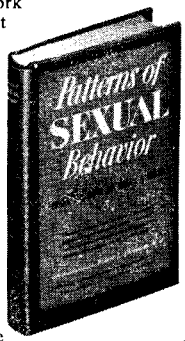

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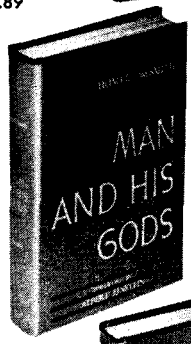

Man's religious beliefs brilliantly examined from a naturalistic point of view. This encyclopedic study has been ranked with Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

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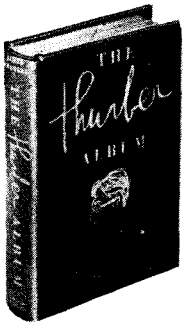

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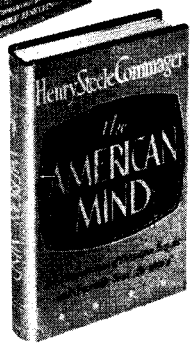

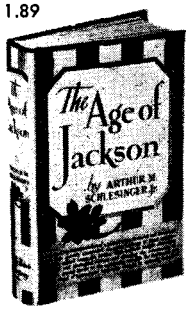

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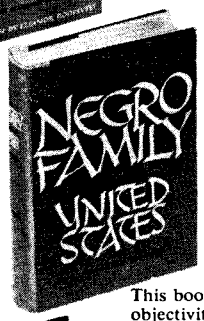

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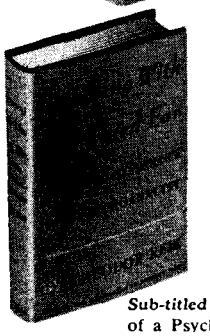

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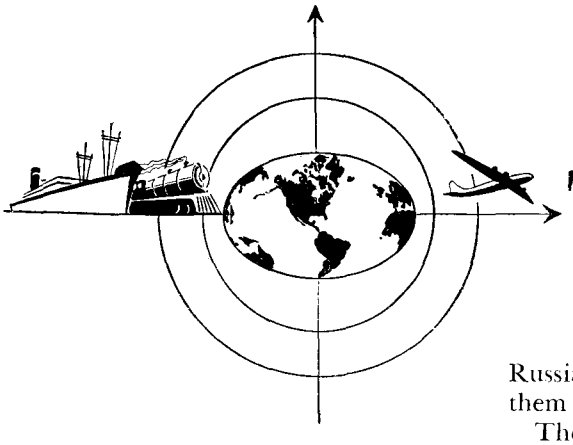

The Reporter's Notes

Formosa and Politics

It was hard to get excited about the significance of the President's order to the Seventh Fleet to cease protecting the Chinese mainland from Chiang Kai-shek's troops. But the incident makes a fascinating study in domestic politics.

The facts surrounding the order came out rapidly and accurately. Within the first two days after the State of the Union message, nearly everybody agreed on these points:

¶ The old instructions to the Seventh Fleet were obsolete anyway, since Chinese Nationalist forces had long been raiding the mainland and Communist-held islands.

¶ Chiang doesn't have the military capability to do much more than he has been doing along this line. It would take a year or more, with plenty of American aid, to prepare a combat-worthy division or two for continuous fighting on the mainland. It would take longer than that to put into the air over the Canton-Manchuria railway planes and pilots that could compete with the MIGs awaiting them there.

¶ Any real "second front" on the mainland would require massive naval and air support from us.

¶ Chiang himself has made it clear that he is in no hurry to start a big mainland adventure.

¶ The Chinese Communists presumably know these facts and are unlikely to be quaking in their boots just yet.

The President's policy of not recognizing some features of the Yalta and Potsdam decisions was also quickly analyzed away by the commentators. Tearing up our copies of scraps of paper torn up long ago by the Russians is not likely to persuade them to move out of Warsaw.

These two new policies have produced the expected paroxysms from our European allies, but they are also quite capable of figuring out how little these new moves change the situation. Their comments have been mostly "for the record," in an effort to ensure a little more advance consultation the next time, when the chips may be blue.

But does the fact that these "foreign-policy" moves smack of domestic politics make them unimportant? The President must have felt he would get something important at home out of actions that were bound to frighten our allies but not our enemies. Let us not assume too quickly that he was wrong in this judgment. In deneutralizing Chiang's troops, he may have been trying to neutralize the China Firsters in Congress by removing from discussion two great myths about foreign policy that were built up while the Republicans were in opposition. Maybe it will be possible now to talk about a vigorous policy in Asia without running into the argument that Chiang is straining at the leash. As for the repudiation of Yalta and Potsdam, maybe some of the President's Congressional supporters can now be persuaded to talk about the hard facts of Soviet power without having to "prove" in every speech that the Red Army and the U.S.S.R.'s rapidly growing economic strength were conjured up by Franklin Roosevelt over a glass of vodka. For as long as we can, anyway, let's be optimistic.

Gab—the Dubious Gift

Most of the edge was taken off the Formosa announcement by advance stories founded on news leaks. Then, during the days right after the State of the Union message, Congressional

AND IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT . . .

Oh, our great and glorious nation is averse to consultation,
And debating is frustrating when you want to make a move—
So let's be unilateral,
Eventually the matter'll
Blow over and be settled as our policies behoove.

For we're tired of objections from some overseas directions,
As they yammer and they clamor and accuse us of insult—
Whenever they're not told a thing
They say they won't uphold a thing,
And rail at us for failing to inform them and consult.

Well, we're big enough and strong enough and even could be wrong enough
To go ahead and do a thing and rue a thing or two—
So let's be unilateral
And confidently scatter all
Objections (and our nagging little allies) to the blue!

—Sec

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spokesmen for the Administration issued a series of statements interpreting the President's intentions and adding considerable color of their own.

The prize in this department certainly must go to the cheerful senior Senator from Wisconsin. In a single week, Senator Alexander Wiley interpreted the Formosa decision as making possible the bombing of China's interior rail system, more or less predicted a Far Eastern NATO, and delivered himself of the following pronouncement on European unity: "If we do not succeed in obtaining an overall understanding with the European nations, we may have to have bilateral understandings."

The aptest comment on this flood of would-be policy was provided by Senator Wiley himself. According to the Washington *Post*, the Foreign Relations Chairman was asked, off the Senate floor, what he meant by the last two of these observations. "I was looking, I guess, into the future, which is an impossibility, really," he said.

Once a Senator . . .

With President Eisenhower's first appearance before Congress, a new problem developed. So many ex-Senators have stayed on in Washington to work at lobbying and other professions, exercising their privilege of frequenting the Senate Chamber, that they overcrowd it on state occasions. Scott Lucas, Claude Pepper, and even such an old-timer as Joe Ball are among the habitués.

When the Senators must squeeze in with members of the House for a joint session, the space problem becomes almost insurmountable. On this latest occasion, several present-day Senators were obliged to sit on the floor, not a very prepossessing posture in which to be viewed on TV by their constituents.

One ex-Senator of recent vintage, Owen Brewster (R., Maine), has been far more regular in attendance since his defeat than he ever was when a Senator. At the close of business the other day, he was overheard asking a Senate doorkeeper: "What time do we meet tomorrow?"

Bitter Pink Pill

Our sympathy to Dr. Moshe Sneh, a left-wing Israeli politician who has worked himself into something of a box. Dr. Sneh was expelled from the Mapam Party for his outspoken insistence that the recent Prague trials were perfectly fair and that the defendants, Jewish or otherwise, were all guilty as charged. But when full transcripts of the trial became available, it turned out that one of the witnesses had accused Dr. Sneh himself of heading a "Zionist spy ring."

Dr. Sneh rose to the occasion by implying that it was all a mistake and by protesting his abiding faith in Socialist justice. We fear, however, that he missed the point. If he *really* wants to show his faith in Socialist justice, he had better confess quickly, and not waste People's Democratic time protesting his innocence.

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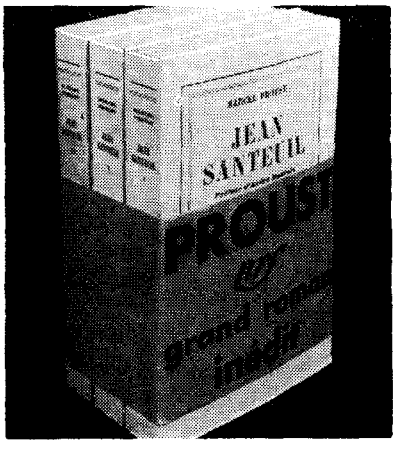

The importance of "Jean Santeuil" is immeasurable. It is a superb introduction to the works of Marcel Proust, a first look into his artistic philosophy, an indispensable key to the heart and soul of the man himself. In effect, it is a brand-new Proust novel, for the MS lay forgotten in a hat-box until a student recently found it. This 3-volume edition of nearly 1,000 pages is priced at $10.25 in the publisher's regular retail edition, but your copy comes to you as a *Membership Gift* from the famous French Book Guild.

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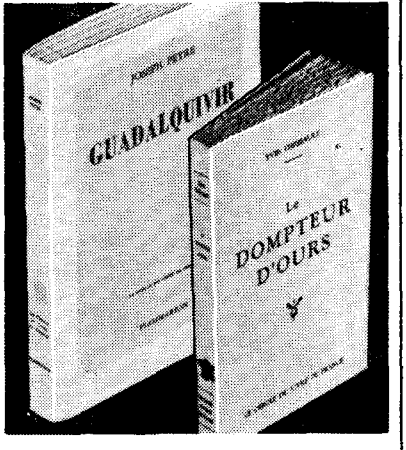

"Guadalquivir" . . . the very name evokes the beauty of dark-eyed señoritas and dashing toreadors! Joseph Peyré, already a Goncourt Prize-winner, writes a breathless love story of Seville you mustn't miss. "Le Dompteur d'Ours" is a modern allegory with strange implications; you'll enjoy it for its wisdom and classic simplicity. Price of these novels in the publishers' regular retail editions is $3.75, but you may have both books for only $1.96 plus postage as your first selection from the French Book Guild. Mail the coupon at the right to join!

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CORRESPONDENCE

CANADIAN COMMAS

To the Editor: Your refreshingly candid admission of "extraordinary ignorance" of Canadian affairs (*The Reporter,* January 20) is unhappily verified by the astonishing observation that "The people of Canada elect the 262 members of the House of Commons from the majority party . . ."

JAMES EAYRS
Department of Political Economy
University of Toronto

(The complete sentence to which Professor Eayrs refers appeared in a box on page 13 and read as follows: "The people of Canada elect the 262 members of the House of Commons from the majority party, of which the Government and Cabinet are formed." As other alert readers have pointed out, the comma should have been after "Commons," not after "party.")

To the Editor: When the school inspector said that he thought the teacher was a little too hard on the pupils re their commas, the teacher wrote on the board the following:

"The inspector says the teacher is a fool."
Then she punctuated it thus:
"The inspector, says the teacher, is a fool!"

REV. C. GORDON HARRIS
Knox Church
Manitowaning, Ontario

SNAPSHOTS AND POTSHOTS

To the Editor: The article by Ladislas Farago in your February 3 issue entitled "Snapshots of a President-Elect" should have been called "Potshots at a President-Elect"—with the subtitle "Written and endorsed by some 'sour-grape' Democrats!"

DENSIE TROUSDELL
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Farago's article is exceedingly keen and discerning. As a secretary, formerly in the War Department, I recognize the typical military-leader traits and wish you could analyze a few other apparently permanent governmental organizational idiosyncrasies.

MARJORIE HALL
Atlanta

To the Editor: It is disappointing to find *The Reporter* running an article as irresponsible in its sweeping implications as Ladislas Farago's "Snapshots of a President-Elect." I think the author's implication that President Eisenhower is a man to whom "the counting of the votes" is a matter of "tedious formalities"—drawn from nothing more than a very personal reaction to the Republican candidate's Election Night appearance—is inexcusable.

And as for the passing references to Mr. Eisenhower's preoccupation with keeping trim and to his hypothetical "excellent masseur," they are unattractive intrusions from the Hollywood gossip reporter's school of journalism.

S. P. GORDON
Dorchester, Massachusetts

ELMER DAVIS ON TRUMAN

To the Editor: Thank you for the Elmer Davis article ("Harry S. Truman and the Verdict of History," *The Reporter,* February 3). It was a mighty vindication for those of us who have not been browbeaten into thinking that Harry Truman and Dean Acheson were wrong.

DIANA WAUGH
Northampton, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I was interested in Elmer Davis's guess that history will rate Acheson next to William H. Seward as the nation's third-best Secretary of State. Could you insert a little note in the magazine for those readers who are a little weak on their history to let us know who is considered the best Secretary of State we have ever had?

COURTNEY B. LAWSON
Detroit

(Mr. Davis gives first place to John Quincy Adams, who served from 1817 to 1825.)

To the Editor: Mr. Davis is my favorite broadcaster and I agree with him that the verdict of history will be much more favorable to Truman than is now generally supposed. I wish to disagree, however, with Mr. Davis's statement that the greatest moment of Truman's life was when he decided to go into Korea. In my opinion, the most far-reaching action of the Truman Administration was when he decided to stop the Reds in Greece.

It has been the ambition of Russia since Peter the Great to control the Dardanelles, and this ambition did not change when the Reds came to power. Had they secured Greece, the Iron Curtain methods would have given them control of all the Near East and probably have included the Suez Canal. Had this happened, no combination of powers could have stopped the march of Communism, and sooner or later all of Europe would have succumbed.

There is little doubt that the stopping of Communism in Greece was a turning point in history comparable to the stopping of the Saracens by Charles Martel at the Battle of Tours more than twelve centuries ago.

A. J. SITTON
Pyote, Texas

BUSINESS IN GOVERNMENT

To the Editor: In your issue of February 3, you say that A. A. Berle, Jr., "approached the subject [of businessmen in government] with an attitude devoid of partisanship which is wholly shared by *The Reporter.*" While Mr. Berle has many cogent things to say about the transformation of big businessmen from robber barons into pragmatic salaried administrators in the past twenty-five years, his conclusions concerning their approach to the formation of government policy are substantiated by reasoning of a not unpartisan nature.

The policies of the present Administration, says Mr. Berle, will not be tempered by gentle regard for the well-being of ordinary people, and to back this up he cites the plan to allow interest rates to rise to natural levels. In analyzing the economic results of this policy, he neglects certain facts which do not conveniently fit his brief. Foremost of these is the effect which inflation has, and has had, upon the holders of long-term bonds of all types, government bonds included. In times of rising prices, the value of both bond and interest is reduced, in terms of the purchasing power of the original investment, by an amount equal to the price rise. Holders of war bonds have been made painfully aware of this in recent years. Mr. Berle neglects to tell us that inflation is not caused directly by the expansion of bank credit through government borrowing from the banks, but by the additional competition for such goods as houses, cars, and iceboxes by young men who have amassed modest down payments and finance the rest on low-interest-rate loans made possible by these increased bank deposits. It is the hope of the present Administration that by changing such policies investors will not only receive full purchasing-power value for their bonds upon maturity, but that the general cost of living will cease its upward spiral.

P. H. MASSEY
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ONE prediction can safely be made: This spring and summer, British statesmanship will be tested to the full. Of primary importance on the diplomatic agenda is the unsettled business concerning the economic relationship between Great Britain and the United States. Winston Churchill hurried to see General Eisenhower before the inauguration; he has not divulged the nature of their conversations. But some time soon a series of organized and official discussions will be held, and at first the British will be making proposals and the Americans will be listening. Soon however, we shall have to make decisions on how the two nations can live in economic peace. It is a foregone conclusion that Mr. R. A. Butler, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be the man who will play the leading British role in a debate that involves the future of the pound sterling. **Graham Hutton,** who gives us a sympathetic view of Mr. Butler, is a well-known British journalist who has lived in the United States and is particularly well qualified to discuss Anglo American relations. He is the author of *Danubian Destiny* and *Midwest at Noon.*

At least as pressing as the problems that confront Britain are those that France must meet. A domestic economic crisis has been building up for decades; it is now aggravated by the war France is fighting in Indo-China. **Theodore H. White,** our chief European correspondent, writing from Paris, describes the difficulties awaiting the new Mayer Government—and consequently, the new Eisenhower Administration too.

S. L. A. Marshall, military analyst for the Detroit *News* and frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* presents a new strategy for Korea, one that he believes could bring the war to a successful conclusion.

Although the danger may not seem imminent, the Air Force tells us that low-flying enemy planes could get through our radar screen and attack our cities. **Erling Larsen** tells how "Operation Skywatch" has been carried on by his Minnesota neighbors.

Do we guard our atomic secrets too jealously? **Ralph E. Lapp** suggests that "it would be both myopic and egotistical to assume that we have all the basic science we need." He argues that sharing our atomic information with Great Britain would bring good value in return. Mr. Lapp, who worked on our atomic program during the war and is now a private consultant, is the author of *The New Force,* just published by Harper & Brothers.

Continuing our attempts to evaluate the results of the election, we have asked **Joseph C. Harsch,** special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* to appraise the unusual position that Adlai Stevenson, even in defeat, has come to occupy in American politics.

Another man whose achievements are still a matter for debate, Charles Dickens, has acquired a spirited champion in **Mary McCarthy.** With her defense of the great Victorian, Miss McCarthy proves, as she has many times before in the pages of this and other publications, that she deserves to be as well known for her critical essays as she is for her fiction.

In our February 17 issue, we neglected to note that **Dr. Gerhard Colm,** who wrote the article called "A Depression? It All Depends . . ." is chief economist of the National Planning Association in Washington, having left the Council of Economic Advisers early in 1952. The projections of future trends in our economy which formed the basis for the charts in that issue were taken from an N.P.A. pamphlet called "The American Economy in 1960," written by Dr. Colm with the assistance of Marilyn Young—probably the most ambitious attempt by any agency, public or private, to guess at the economic weather ahead. The National Planning Association is private, nonprofit, and nonpartisan, devoted to planning in the national interest by Americans from agriculture, business, labor, and the professions.

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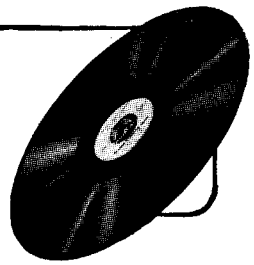

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Problems for Mr. Dulles

AFTER our long election intermission, the government is now back in the business of making foreign policy. It is none too soon. Three urgent issues—Korea, the European community, and the future of sterling—are overripe for decision.

In our hearts and in our politics, the foremost of these is Korea. The Chinese attitudes are clear: They want to win, and they think we are losing because time is on their side. Their Marxist belief in preordained history teaches them patience; looking at us, they think that we do not have the stamina to be equally patient. This is the real lesson to be learned from the truce negotiations.

Faced with these attitudes, we can do one of three things. We can accept a truce on Chinese terms; but we and our U.N. partners reacted against the original aggression precisely to avoid a policy of appeasement that would have crumbled the resistance to the Communist thrust throughout Asia. We can deliberately convert the present tactical stalemate into a strategic stalemate. Or we can build up our forces in Korea enough to win the war there.

But Korea is only part of a cold war that has its roots in Soviet power and intentions, and is fought with diverse weapons all over the world. The cost of stepping up our military effort in Korea must be measured in resources diverted from other cold-war purposes, and in political damage to our system of alliances.

THERE EXISTS no public estimate of what it would cost to polish off the Chinese in Korea—assuming, as with our military traditions we do assume, that it can be done. Korea currently costs us something like $5 billion a year, perhaps more. Putting in several more U.S. divisions and a larger proportion of our air strength would certainly be a great deal more expensive in both men and money.

Some of the needed funds and weapons would certainly be diverted from other security programs—the "domestic" military build-up and aid to our Allies. These are, in fact, the same sources from which previous billions for Korea have been derived, since each successive budget has been prepared on the theory that the Korean War was about to end. In Europe, where our lagging deliveries of arms have helped to slow down NATO defense planning, an effective defense system on the Continent, backed by adequate supplies of replacement weapons and ammunition, would become even more remote. Our European friends, and especially the British, have made no secret of their fear that we would devote too much of our attention—and our production—to Sniper Ridge and not enough to the Rhine.

THE North Atlantic alliance shows some signs of coming apart at the seams on its own account. France is weak and overcommitted, and its weakness is now holding up the whole movement toward federation in a European Defense Community. Even with large grants of aid, the French doubt that they can maintain both a war in Indo-China and a military effort in Europe big enough to stay ahead of the Germans. In this culture of insecurity, the bacteria of neutralism flourish.

As a result, there is increasing talk in this country of arming the Germans whether the French like it or not. But for good reasons of logistics and politics, the only real alternative to the EDC is probably a defense system in Europe that rests on the Pyrenees and the English Channel. Secretary Dulles has already implied as much in talking to the Germans.

The British, having stood clear of the European Defense Community, have now given their Continental neighbors something new to worry about with their solo excursion to Washington to discuss the pound sterling. The French and other members of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation have now advertised their fear that the British will get off in a corner with the Americans and make sterling convertible into dollars without cutting Europe in on the benefits.

NATO is the heart of the western security system, and we are the heart of NATO. What seems to be happening is that the military side of the North Atlantic alliance is bogging down because the political and economic sides of the alliance have not come along far enough or fast enough. The centrifugal tendencies may grow unless two things happen:

1. Politically, the Continentals must come to feel that we and the British are permanently and closely associated with them, so that the threat of German domination comes to look less frightening.

2. On the economic side, both the British and the Continentals must come to feel that we are going to co-operate with them sufficiently—through lower tariffs, more investment, and more consultation on financial problems—to enable them to live with the dollar on the basis of trade, not aid. Of all arguments to make Europeans unite, perhaps the least effective is either/or.

KOREA, which is first in our hearts, is probably not first on the political timetable—witness the Dulles-Stassen trip to Europe to talk about EDC and the visit by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer to Washington to talk about the pound. Whether we choose to attack in strength or wait in strength in Korea, the North Atlantic alliance will need intensive cultivation too.

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'Trade, Not Aid': The British Prepare

GRAHAM HUTTON

HALFWAY between the inauguration of President Eisenhower and the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, the statesmen of London are calling on the statesmen of Washington. The British visitors include Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard Austen ("Rab") Butler. Their agenda is as important as it is complex. The pound sterling is the currency of payment for one-quarter to one-third of all the trade that crosses the frontiers of the world. Sterling's health is crucial not only to Britain but to the rest of Europe, and must be a large component in American plans for exercising economic leadership in the western world.

A year ago the sterling area (the Commonwealth minus Canada and plus Iceland, Eire, Libya, Jordan, Iraq, and Burma) was suffering a hemorrhage of its reserves. The Commonwealth association has now managed to stanch the flow. Britain itself was in a worse plight, plugging the gaps in trade between the sterling area and the dollar area and Europe by borrowing from its own colonies and slashing its own imports all round. Now Britain has balanced both its own accounts and those of the sterling area, and is actually drawing back gold and dollars previously lost to Europe and other regions.

In the year that has seen these changes, there have been two Commonwealth economic conferences: that of the Finance Ministers, convoked in the emergency of January, 1952, and the much bigger meeting of Prime Ministers, held from November 27 to December 11, after six weeks of preparation by economic experts.

These two economic conferences were not called in a single year merely to measure differences, make friends, or stand pat—especially since most of the delegates were going to be returning to London for the Coronation pretty soon anyhow. In 1952 the Commonwealth began to face up to the implications of the three major economic crises in five postwar years, and it took some basic decisions to deal with these recurrent crises. That it did so at a time when a change in government occurred in the United States was accidental, for the second Commonwealth Conference had been slated even before anyone knew who the contending American candidates would be. But ultimately it may prove to have been a happy conjuncture of circumstances.

Three Worlds

The western world is split into three partly insulated currency areas. One is the dollar trading area—the United States, Canada, and most of Latin America. Since these countries will take only dollars for their goods and services, the problem for the rest of the world is to get enough dollars. A second area is that part of the world which in Britain is called "Europe"—meaning the Continent. Third is the sterling area, which extends around the world from Britain to New Zealand. Britain, and through Britain the sterling countries are linked to Europe through the European Payments Union. This offshoot of the Marshall Plan makes it possible for each country in the Union to stop worrying about its trading position with each other country, and to worry instead about whether it is running a surplus or a deficit in its trade with all the other members of the Union combined.

The periodic "currency crises" occur when the European and sterling countries run out of hard money with which they can pay their bills in the dollar countries. The reasons why there is such a persistent tendency for this to happen are complex, but the main element in all of them is the difference in the rate of economic growth between America and the rest of the western world. In the past, these currency crises have been overcome in two ways—by the nondollar countries' pulling in their belts so as not to run up such large bills and by the dollar countries' giving or lending dollars to the countries that do not have enough.

The sterling area got out of the last crisis mostly by making it impossible for citizens of the sterling countries to buy the things they wanted abroad; this is what the Finance Ministers agreed to a year ago. But Britain's defense program and the yearning of Australians and Indians for rapid economic development cannot be satisfied by reducing the flow of dollar imports to a trickle. If the common objectives of defense, rising standards of life, and a high rate of investment are going to be served, the flow of goods among the three currency areas must greatly expand, not contract.

THE western world simply cannot afford to have any more currency crises. This theme runs through the

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sparse reports that emerged from the Commonwealth Conference held in December. In this conference, the biggest currency and trading area in the world took the decision to seek its salvation not in restricting its trade with the rest of the world but rather by reintegrating itself with the other two currency areas.

Behind the public talk of removing restrictions and expanding exports, of widening the flow of development capital and taking action to prevent violent fluctuations in commodity prices, and of limiting Commonwealth trade blocs, is a plan for making one currency area out of three.

Success of the "new economic policy" hammered out by the Commonwealth in 1952 depends on co-operation with western Europe and (even more) with the United States in 1953 and beyond. That is why, before the summer Coronation again convokes the Commonwealth's representatives and shuts down normal diplomacy for a short season, the real architect of this new sterling structure, "Rab" Butler, must explain the policy to American authorities (which is more than he or anybody else has yet done to Britishers) and attempt to secure their reliable and long-term collaboration.

Toward Freer Trade

Hitherto, American aid—the loans to Britain in 1945-1946, Marshall aid from 1947 to 1951, and aid under NATO for military purposes since then—could be turned on and off at will. There was no long-term British Commonwealth or sterling-area program, economic or financial, which these forms of aid were helping to carry out; there were only expedients. The mistake—by both British and American authorities, perhaps—was that this improvisation was allowed to continue until 1953.

But from here on out, Britain and the entire Commonwealth (except Canada, which will be "half in, half out," as its own spokesman has said) should always be at some progressive stage in a carefully elaborated long-term program for the rapid development of their combined resources. As the sterling area's resources develop with the help of Commonwealth and (it must be hoped) American capital, so will those recurrent postwar economic crises prove curable and not chronic, and so will freer trade and freer convertibility of currencies come nearer. This prospect presents a truly vast problem, to which the British visit is only the overture.

The proper resources to develop, for the markets of the dollar area as well as the other British or sterling-area nations and Europe, cannot be left, as hitherto, to the random judgments of local governments, subject to all sorts of local pressure groups. Rather remarkably, the recent Commonwealth Conference agreed to allow such development projects to be assessed from this viewpoint. There was only a natural minor qualification to the effect that such underdeveloped sterling-area nations as India should be allowed to develop certain basic home industries to raise standards of living.

If this long-term Commonwealth program is really to work out as planned, two necessary courses of action emerge: one for sterling-area countries and the other for the United States and Canada.

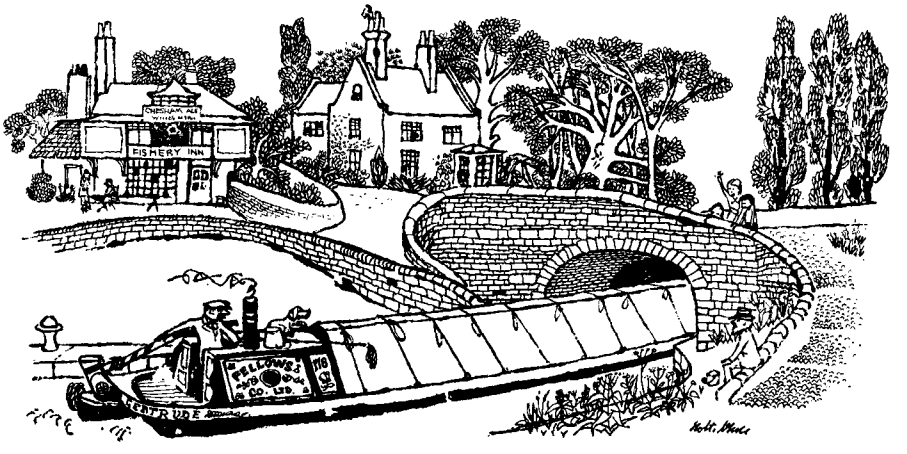
First, sterling-area countries must now recognize the overriding common need to schedule their internal economic development in consonance with the area's capital resources. They must develop what the area needs to sell in order to earn or save the currency that is most badly needed, and they must begin to moderate their demands that Britain repay rapidly (and therefore in burdensome volume) the sterling debts it incurred toward them during the war.

This means, for example, that Australia cannot go ahead developing, on a scale sufficient for a nation three times its population, a number of secondary industries equipped with machinery from Britain and "paid for" by the British debt to Australia, while Britain needs more than ever the food and other primary products it used to get from Australia. Every time a sterling-area country develops a secondary industry beyond the due limits of the local market and beyond the inflationary or full-employment boundary, workers flock to the blown-up towns from the back country, an inflationary wage spiral gets beyond control, food and other back-country production goes down, the particular country eats or consumes most of what it produces, its exports to Britain of the vital foods and primary products needed by Britain fall, and so British exports tend to go elsewhere to pay for more expensive foods and raw materials.

It was for this reason that the December Commonwealth Conference inserted the proviso that the new long-term development program for the Commonwealth's resources must depend, first, on the Commonwealth's capital resources (which are almost entirely in Britain), and secondly on an agreed schedule of projects.

A Moral Dilemma

Few Britishers realize that during the past two years Australia and many other Commonwealth countries have been having a capital inflation and a breakneck surplus of imports, paid for with the windfall profits of the post-Korea boom in commodity prices. Yet the only source of net new capital for the



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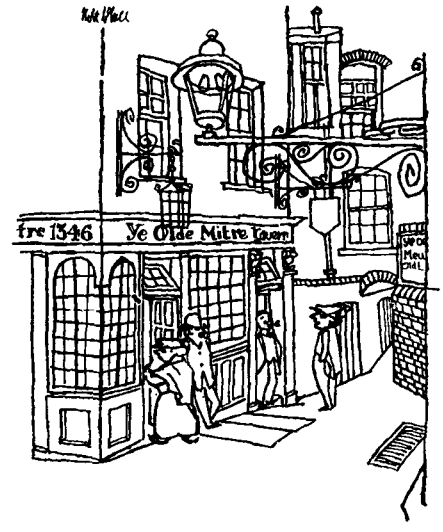
Commonwealth's development as a whole has been the dependent colonial Empire still mainly administered from London. Britain has increased its own sterling debt to Malaya and the African colonies by borrowing all surplus earnings from their high-priced commodity exports and relending them to the independent Dominions or using them to repay its sterling debts to those Dominions.

This puts Britain in a fine moral dilemma: Should Britain thus abet an over-rapid inflationary capital program in, say, South Africa or Australia, in order to develop secondary and even tertiary industries for the small white populations there, when the money that pays the wages of the workers in Britain who make the exports of machinery involved actually comes from the sweating backs of colonial Africans and Malayans directly dependent on London? It is interesting to speculate about how Aneurin Bevan and his left-wingers of the Labour Party would deal with this problem if they should ever be in power. Would they forgo Malayan and African surplus earnings from cocoa, tin, rubber, and such, and plow them back in precisely those places? If so, how would they hold together the sterling area, which they so loudly advocate as the naturally self-contained counterweight to the area of the "capricious" dollar? Wouldn't they thus immediately and irretrievably drive Australia, South Africa, and many another independent member of the sterling area and Commonwealth out of it? And once that happened, bang would go Britain's ability to manage its own finances.

WHAT the December conference means to the sterling area can therefore be gauged by its three main points: first, scheduled development of projects to expand Commonwealth output of agreed primary commodities or semi-manufactured products such as oil; secondly, and only thereafter, a sound and proportionate development of home industries; and thirdly, such new measures and institutions as the still somewhat vague British Commonwealth and Sterling Area Finance Corporation, to channel new capital to the agreed projects. These three things were the only ingredients of the final communiqué that did not qualify for the late Ernest Bevin's famous description of a certain opponent's speech: "It was nothing but clich, clich, clich!" And it is on the elaboration of those three ingredients that Butler must chiefly concentrate during his visit to Washington.

But even these plans cannot come to mean a great deal without steady and secure American collaboration. It is therefore much to be hoped—



for the sake of American taxpayers, British consumers, and the whole trading world of the West—that President Eisenhower's new authorities and experts will have boned up, in preparation for the meeting, on their knowledge of the resources and finances of both the Commonwealth and the sterling area. The Mutual Security Agency can help them, for its experts have seen the delicate interdependence of economics and rearmament, and they understand why western Europe and Britain have been pushed economically away from Soviet-controlled eastern Europe and toward the dollar area. They too have advocated increased trade between Europe and the British Commonwealth and sterling area.

Not Just Another 'Gouge'

It should now be clear to Americans, as it finally became clear in 1952 to the British, that the postwar insulation of trading areas in the West must be gradually broken down, and "trade, not aid" developed and expanded as part of the biggest defense system ever recorded. The more economically interdependent Europe and the sterling area countries can be made, the safer become the foundations of NATO, the more rapidly can the Schuman Plan and the European Defense Community succeed, and the less likely will it be that Europe and the sterling area alike will go on chronically having to seek the charity of the dollar areas.

For Americans too this realization will need to be followed by action—the provision of new capital, agreements to stabilize world commodity prices, help in many ways to expand the basic material resources of the West by spreading the Point Four idea, and support of their partners' military efforts in the cold war. The Commonwealth Conference, in its public utterances, was remarkably silent on all this. On the question of financial support for sterling convertibility, the conferees said merely that "adequate financial support" would be needed, "through the International Monetary Fund or otherwise." This restraint was presumably the result of tact, not of a conviction that the health of sterling could be restored by the sterling countries by themselves. But this very tact may be a happy portent for the atmosphere of the discussions.

It would be wrong of Americans to conceive the British visit as just another attempt at a British "gouge." Quite the contrary. This time the British may well be proffering the only workable solution so far conceived for correcting the insulation of the dollar, sterling, and western European trading areas.

Butler, Gladstonian Tory

Statesmanship demands a statesman. Who has been the statesman of this sterling diplomacy? R. A. Butler, without a doubt. He would be the first to admit that circumstances have favored him. But the man himself merits appraisal.

Born of a line of academicians, soldiers, administrators, and professional men, he became president of the Union at Cambridge, and took early to international affairs. He married the daughter of Britain's wealthy rayon king, the late Samuel

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Courtauld, and gave himself steadily and modestly to Tory politics. He was serving at the Foreign Office as Under Secretary at the outset of the war. His mind is that of an old-line Liberal, Gladstonian in its wide sympathies and its rigorous attachment to principles.

This man, just fifty, has enjoyed a meteoric rise in the innermost councils of the Tories in the past eighteen months. He ousted such more familiar figures as Oliver Lyttelton from the running for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, long regarded as a stepping stone to the Premiership. At open conventions of the Tory party he has faced and quashed, to loud ovations, violent criticisms of his "pro-Socialist" domestic policy of keeping up "the welfare state." He was criticised both in and out of his own party for his insistence, in late 1951 and early 1952, on raising the bank rate for the first time since the war began—an antidote for British inflation that had paid off by last autumn. He has also been under fire for borrowing from the banks more than he got them to save by not lending to companies and individuals.

Like most liberals, he stands betwixt and between. His predecessor, the brilliant Labour right-winger from Oxford, Hugh Gaitskell, charged Butler in particular and the Tories in general at the second Commonwealth Conference with intent to sell the birthright of the sterling area to the Americans for a mess of dollar pottage with which to nourish sterling convertibility.

TO THE Labour critics of Butler's domestic policy and of his part in the Commonwealth Conference's decisions, any reintegration of the sterling area with the dollar area spells an abandonment of the protective insulation of Socialist controls, behind which "full employment" can always be guaranteed (however low the standards of life of the fully employed may fall), and by the use of which the values of international debts, credits, and trade may always be altered at the need of the British government. These Labour criticisms of Butler are of course not directed at him personally. They would be aimed at any Chancellor who prevailed on any Government to go along with him in a program aimed at the ultimate achievement of convertibility—that is, integration of the sterling and dollar areas.

The position of the Bevanites is worth noting here. Harold Wilson's pamphlet *In Place of Dollars* was a temperate statement of what his Bevanite fellows say more frequently and more intemperately, namely, that Socialist controls ought to become permanent so that the "insulation" of Britain from the "capriciousness" of the American economy would be complete. What these gentlemen have never demonstrated is (a) how the Commonwealth could be forced to finance and supply Britain and keep going as a sterling area under so arbitrary and centralized a system (Americans will note the George III colonialism of these left-wingers!) and (b) how the people of Britain could be sure of maintaining or advancing their standards of actual consumption in an increasingly competitive and industrializing world.

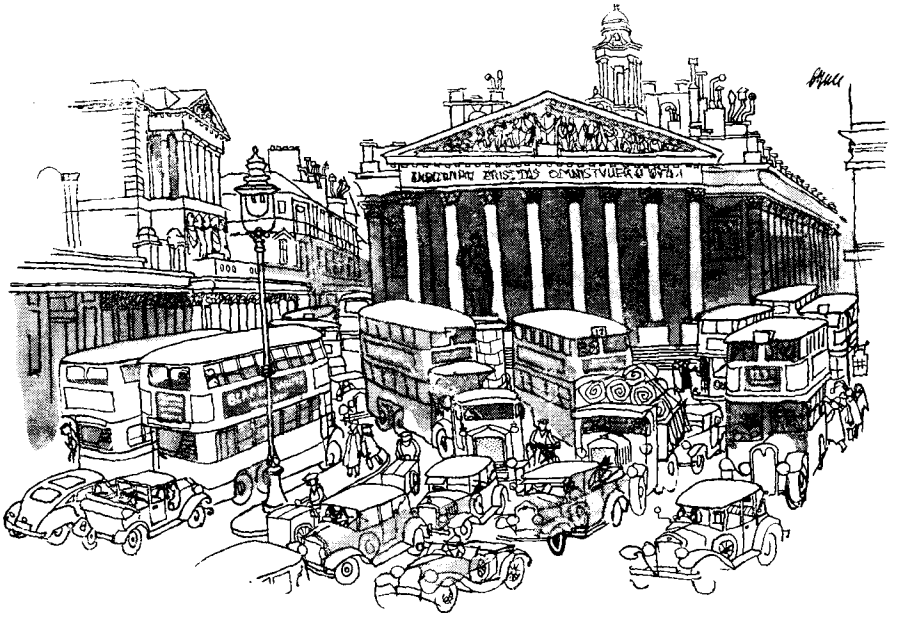
BUTLER, on the contrary, is not like the Bevanite intellectuals, who nearly all come from Oxford. He possesses an unimaginative, realistic, stolid, somewhat chilly and even aloof common sense, a sense of that "applied economics" which Cambridge has long recognized and Oxford hasn't.

Butler cannot afford antics, gestures, and attitudes. The domestic economic outlook in Britain at this season is too bleak for that. The British contribution to NATO is out of proportion to Britain's capacity, out of proportion to the contributions of the other participating nations, and out of proportion to Britain's rising commitments, military and other, outside Europe. Against this, the amount of U.S. military aid expected is tiny. On top of all this, British engineering is tied up with arms orders while exports languish. Foreign customers demand only machinery capable of being made in factories now converted to rearmament and Britain's needs of imports remain intractably heavy.

New Profits, New Problems

Even the fall in world commodity prices (not foods), which has turned the terms of trade temporarily in Britain's favor, has dealt the sterling area a backhand blow in lopping off its earnings. That, in turn, rebounds on Britain, which has to cover the central gold and dollar liabilities of the entire area.

Butler views these omens for 1953 with cold realism. And the decisions of the Commonwealth Conference took account of those omens. Butler himself saw to that; so did the able experts of the British Treasury, the Bank of England, the Board of Trade, and other specialists who prepared the documentation. These de-



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cisions are a recognition that the sterling area cannot go it alone—at least not without a system of controls that would render Britain almost indistinguishable from Tito's Yugoslavia, controls which the participating nations would never tolerate.

If controls don't work—and even those maintained under gentlemen's agreements in the sterling area these seven years past haven't worked—there is only one alternative for the Commonwealth: a system in which most controls can ultimately be abandoned. That is precisely what both Butler and the Tory Government have been doing in domestic affairs. It is not mere chance that the same sort of program is now being blueprinted for the Commonwealth and sterling area.

Thus the Americans who receive and talk with Butler and his associates bear a new and heavy responsibility in the realm of world affairs. They should know that Dame Rumor—a lying jade—has cast Mr. Churchill for a well-timed retirement from the political scene soon after the Coronation, Anthony Eden for a fresh appeal to the country toward the end of 1953, perhaps even in late summer. With Labour in moral and intellectual disarray, the success of Butler's economic programs and policies will play the most important part in the next British elections. Americans and their new business-oriented Administration would do well to ponder that.

Pinay to Mayer to Whom?

'Plus Ça Change' in Action

THEODORE H. WHITE

In France the turn of the year is a season of many traditions—of Noël, of Reveillon, of wild boar and good hunting. Under the Fourth Republic, a new tradition has been added—that of the breaking and making of Governments as successive platoons of politicians are immolated in the year-end rite of figuring France's annual budget.

Thus it came as no surprise to any of France's citizens to wake two days before Christmas and read that the very conservative Antoine Pinay, the nineteenth Premier of France since the war, had fallen to the seasonal restlessness of the National Assembly as it came to grips with the bookkeeping of the community. Nor was it any surprise that his successor, René Mayer, should be drawn from the upper echelons of France's business and banking aristocracy. In the past year France, with most of the other western democracies, has been carried over the imaginary center line that separates Left from Right. Pinay and Mayer are both men of the Right.

There are, of course, shades and gradations of the French Right, as there are of the Left, and a substantial difference of philosophy separates the Pinays from the Mayers. Pinay, a short, trail man whose balding head, sharp pointed nose, and little mustache make him look like a French version of John Q. Public, represents the domestic-minded, protectionist, Taftian country purists, who are forever suspicious of the city slickers. Mayer, dark of skin, deep of eye, sharp of tongue, a smooth and sophisticated Parisian, bred in the most powerful circles of French finance, belongs to what can be called the Dewey-Dulles-Aldrich school of the French Right. What binds the two groups together is that both have resolutely turned their backs on the vast drama of postwar social experiment that once kindled all France. They are also alike in that neither professes to have any solution for the great mystery that makes France the bewildering problem child of the Atlantic alliance.

Poverty Amid Riches

The mystery of France, most simply put, is why the one nation of western Europe best endowed by nature to be strong and rich should offer its citizens so bleak a future of squalor and poverty and its Allies so frustrating a spectacle of impotence and confusion.

France, in size halfway between California and Texas, sprawls in green and fertile beauty over the richest farmland of the Continent. Alone among the west European states France can feed itself and produce a surplus for export. Its great internal resources of iron ore, impressive hydroelectric-power potential, and deposits of bauxite, potassium, and other ores more than make up for the necessities France must import.

France's workers are diligent, its people educated, its science brilliant. Yet all these lush resources and ingenious people add up to a nation in which the average working wage is between fifteen and twenty dollars a week, while a pound of meat costs ninety cents, a pair of baby shoes runs to four dollars, and a black-market apartment rents for $150 a month. It is a country where an estimated one-third of all young couples who are so minded must postpone marriage simply because they cannot find roof-and-bed space.

France is a country which in the seven years since 1945 has lagged behind defeated Germany in the con-

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struction of new homes. It is a country whose Alpine and Norman cattle gush milk, yet in which butter costs twice as much as in Britain, which must import ninety-eight per cent of its butter.

This spectacle of the French nation's misery amid wealth is not new. For twenty years between the wars France let itself decay to the point where it had to be eliminated from the roster of modern industrial powers.

What is new, and what adds the final twist of mystery, is what has happened since the war.

THE LIBERATION, which brought new freedom, offered the French an opportunity to revise the old system which had failed them so dreadfully in the years between the wars. The old system of privately owned industry had failed to give France one new steel mill in all that twenty-year period; it had let French electric-power production dawdle along with a forty per cent increase in the same years in which the British were increasing their power production by four hundred per cent.

Already under the old system, the line between government in business and business in government had blurred to confusion. Some industries (like tobacco and communications) had been government-owned for generations; others were part nationalized and part privately owned; some were government spoils of the First World War; some that seemed to be privately owned willingly invited socialism by insisting that the government cover their gross deficits.

Post-liberation leaders set out to change this system by socializing it from the ground up and under the ground. Between January, 1945, and the spring of 1946, they nationalized the mines, the gasworks, and the electric-power system; they nationalized most of the banking system, the twelve leading insurance companies, the collaborationists' printing presses, the largest automobile works, and a hundred smaller plants. At the same time, they overhauled the old system of social security, guaranteeing the nation free medical care and baby subsidies. Simultaneously they committed France to a vast six-year national plan—the Monnet Plan—to overtake the lead of other great nations.

By the time the postwar revolution was added to the prewar system, the leaders of France had greater control of the daily life of their citizens than any other democratic government in the world. Through its power over

Mayer

all communications, all forms of energy, all forms of transport, and above all by its control of the credit and banking system, the government of France had every means to carry out a brilliant plan for putting the resources of the land together to make happiness for the French people.

La Peste

But by the beginning of 1952, apparently, the plan had failed. The resources of France plus the purpose of socialist welfare plus the most elaborate agencies of control still left the average Frenchman poor.

This failure showed its face in inflation—the biggest single emotional and kinetic force in French politics. Inflation in France has quite a different meaning from inflation in America. In America, our money still remains money and the entire pattern of habit that rests on money as a solid measure of value still persists despite the recurrent fever in our prices since the war.

But when inflation comes as it has in France, crawling over almost four decades, it is more like a pestilence—an evil, pervasive condition which year by year erodes morality, planning, and hope. Why save to build a house when savings lose half their value in five years? Why buy government bonds or life insurance when in ten years bonds and policies will be worthless paper?

Since the first rule of life in inflation is to get paper money out of pocket immediately into something hard that can be consumed or hoarded, the productive pattern of industry is warped by warped demand. Thus postwar France saw an appalling and wasteful spurt in automobile production and consumption beyond any reason or usefulness—because an automobile is the favorite form of investment of every French middle-class family that cannot save any other way. Thus the staggering growth of hotel, resort, and vacation-nook buildings in a country desperate for everyday housing—because French families blow their annual surplus in one enjoy-it-now vacation since it is useless to hold the surplus against a rainy day.

Inflation warps decency and citizenship even more than it warps production. Sharp, sly, foxlike men leap ahead; not those who produce goods but those who traffic in them get rich. The sober, sturdy, ordinary people who continue, out of anachronistic habit, to plan for the future and to pay bills and taxes when they come due fall behind. Morality becomes stupidity. Inflation, when pushed as long and as far as it has been pushed in France, is not a disease of economics alone but becomes a disease of the spirit.

Technically, of course, the causes of this inflation are easily found. History has thrust certain extraordinary burdens upon the French government. First comes the cost of wars. The French must pay for rebuilding the last war's devastation, all the

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while paying for the present war in Indo-China (which has eaten up twice what the Marshall Plan has given in aid) and simultaneously paying for defense as packed into France's huge NATO effort. In addition to these three burdens, the French government must also subsidize the new social-security system when there is a deficit. And finally, most important of all, as a result of the failure of private French capital to invest in the interwar years, the French government must find the investment funds to modernize, reconstruct, or create anew the sinews of industrial strength.

Two Bad Guesses

The basic assumption of the liberation leadership was that its new social system would produce such a magnificent rise in output that all the new burdens, external and internal, could be easily carried.

Two things went wrong with this assumption. First the liberation Governments found, as did all Socialists in Europe, that the new machinery of socialism did not work by itself. They built a new kind of engine but did not know how to drive it. Technologically, the nationalized industries (particularly the railways, the electricity net, and the coal-mining administration) were remarkably successful, bringing about impressive increases in productivity.

But socially (and particularly in the control of the credit and banking system) the liberation Governments lacked the know-how to make their new system work. They saw with wonder—and without any solution—that the chief beneficiaries of nationalization were the private industrial clients who bought or traded with the nationalized plants. They saw, but could not prevent, the private trucking firms rolling to unprecedented prosperity through their political influence in the Assembly that controlled the truckmen's great competitor, the national railways.

They found that the classical economic rules of pricing and distribution did not work in nationalized industries—but they had no new rules to go by.

Just as important as their lack of technical know-how was the political confusion of the post-liberation

Pleven

Governments after their break with the Communists. The democratic parties of the Left that dominated the Assembly had believed in the beginning that since a majority of all Frenchmen wanted some form of socialism, they would have firm political working control in the National Assembly. But this majority included Communists, who wanted socialism only if they could peddle it to the country on Moscow's terms.

When, in 1947-1948, the Communists went into opposition (trying on one occasion physically to wreck the nationalized coal mines) the parties of the democratic Left were forced to seek support from other democratic but non-socialist groups in the Assembly. They bought this support politically by giving each vested interest what it demanded—immunity from taxation for the farmers, immunity from policing for private industry, subsidies to winegrowers, exporters, and other groups.

Production increased in France under these coalition Governments. The optimists point out that it is now forty per cent higher than in 1938; pessimists point out that is only about two or three per cent higher than in 1929. But the burdens imposed on France grew even faster than production. Not knowing how to run their new socialized economy or politically how to select and distribute the burdens of the nation, the Left-Center Governments faltered. So the bills of the state were presented to the nation in stealth by the monstrous device of monetary inflation. The French franc today has only a hundredth of its value in 1914; it fell from 50 to 350 to the dollar in the seven years between the liberation and the advent last March of Premier Antoine Pinay.

The struggle with inflation is the thread on which the politics of France has been suspended since the return of the Right to control of the Assembly. When Pinay took the helm in March, 1952, the French people had just passed through the sharpest spasm of inflation since the war. At home, prices had jumped by thirty per cent in less than a year; abroad, French currency reserves could meet the trade deficits for only a few more weeks. On the open market, the flight of French capital had driven the franc from its official value of 350 to the dollar down to 500. Following two years of near stability guaranteed France by the Marshall Plan, this violent resumption of a decades-old trend seemed to many Frenchmen to prove that France was deeply, incurably ill.

'Lucky Pinay'

At this juncture President Auriol called on Pinay to form a Cabinet. By the rules of French politics it was time to call a man of the Right to try his hand at governing. Although Pinay, as a wartime Deputy, had voted for Pétain, he had been rehabilitated as a member of the respectable Right and was considered inoffensive enough to be given his chance to direct the Fourth Republic.

Antoine Pinay, a Deputy of the very conservative peasant Independent Group and mayor of the little town of St.-Chamond, presented himself before the French Assembly late one gray March afternoon on a single-plank program so clear that no one in France could misunderstand it. He was against inflation. He was going to stop it. Earnestly, he assured the Assembly that the way to stop prices from rising was not to raise them.

The dominantly left French Assembly did not like Pinay. But it could not vote down a man who promised to keep the gas bill from rising. With the abstention of the Socialists and most of the Gaullists, Pinay squeaked through. That evening, at the journalists' bar of the Assembly, the odds were even that

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Pinay would not last a week. He lasted for ten months—and prices stopped going up.

Those who dislike Pinay insist it was all luck, and therefore nickname him *Pinay-la-Chance,* "Lucky Pinay." The story of Pinay's luck was indeed prodigious. The very month that Pinay took office, world commodity prices started on a long, steady slump.

THEN, within a few weeks of Pinay's assumption of office, the flow of spring fruits and vegetables from southern France began arriving in Paris markets to bring down seasonal food prices. A few months later, a disastrous epidemic of hoof-and-mouth disease swept France, causing thousands of farmers to butcher their cattle and glut the market with meat before the disease should catch their livestock. Simultaneously, American credits and emergency aid negotiated by Pinay's predecessors at the Lisbon Conference of NATO became available.

Simultaneously, too, Pinay was favored by politics to an extent that only a God-fearing man such as he could expect: The Gaullist opposition on the far Right splintered, and a large faction of Gaullist delegates deserted the General to support the new conservative Premier. More important, the French labor movement arrived at its nadir of internal division, dissension, and helplessness. Each of the three great labor confederations in France—the Catholic, the Socialist, and the Communist—was riven last summer and fall by stormy feuds. Divided against each other as they always have been, they are now also divided within, and the Communist CGT is the most divided and worst paralyzed of all. In a country which counted over six million union members seven years ago, there are now fewer than two million.

The Element of Courage

The partisans of M. Pinay—principally the big French commercial newspapers and periodicals—insisted that not luck but courage and determination won the day. There is much truth in this, too. Starting by saying "No" to a rise in the gas bill, Pinay said "No," courageously and successfully, to pressures from which most other French politicians had flinched.

The Pinay case would have been a perfect parable of the triumph of simple virtue over theory if France were the country town of St.-Chamond, and inflation merely a matter of manipulating price indexes. But France is not St.-Chamond, where one regulates one's weekly purchases according to the number of francs in the purse, and inflation is more complex than the simple control of credit and currency.

France lives in a great world of rival giants. Its inflation, however mismanaged by the post-liberation Governments, reflected the effort of a great people to pull themselves abreast of those giants, both in external strength and internal welfare. For all their faults, the pre-Pinay Governments had one virtue—they thought large.

Pinay

Pinay took a completely contrary tack. He was against inflation. If the burdens of France caused inflation, they were to be stripped down to what the economy and Assembly politics would bear without inflation. If this meant that burdens forced on France by the need or will to become great and fruitful again had to go first, *tant pis*—too bad.

Deep beneath Pinay's studied homespun manner was the conviction that by trimming, cutting, curing the semi-socialized economy of France, he could lure into the open fresh French private capital, and instill in this private capital the spirit of enterprise.

The Cartels

The weakness of Pinay's program lay in the meaning of "free enterprise" in France. In France, free private enterprise as the classical economists knew it is as dead as Adam Smith. The zip went out of French business life sometime about the turn of the century, when the great structure of cartels and combinations gripped French life.

The government may exhort the farmers from spring to snow to use more fertilizer and get greater yield—but the farmers cannot buy fertilizer so long as the cartel keeps fertilizer at outrageously high costs determined by its most inefficient and obsolete members. The new government-owned enterprises are simply new collective groups added to old collective groups—and victimized by them. Though the French government owns the greatest automobile plant in Europe, the directors of Renault wail hopelessly at the high prices forced on them by the practices of small-parts and subassembly firms.

Apart from the oil industry (controlled by American, not French, private capital), what expansion has been forced on France since the war has come not from private enterprise but from the Marshall Plan and the Assembly's legislative mandate.

Pinay, in his stewardship, tried

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to make the dead bones of French private enterprise come to life by stabilizing the currency and hoping that thrift would eventually come to fruit in investment. His technique was simply that of the deep-freeze and the stubborn "No" to any political assault on his monetary policy.

BUT NONE of the deeper long-range problems of France were even approached during Pinay's term of office: the need to drop some of the overseas burdens of empire; the initiation of new industrial investment for tomorrow's needs; the need to foster technological productivity; the need to shake out of the French system the horde of useless middlemen. (France has one retail outlet for every forty inhabitants, as against one for every eighty-eight in the United States.) Every intelligent man in France is aware of these needs, and so is the overwhelming majority of the French Assembly. But *no one does anything about them.*

Under Pinay's leadership, France got no worse. But France got no better, and that was Pinay's undoing.

The precise issue on which Pinay was repudiated by his own coalition —a technical detail of bookkeeping in the social-security accounts—was unimportant. What brought him low was simply the restlessness of a French Assembly condemned to live with the knowledge of France's stagnation.

The restlessness of last year-end's crisis had, as every French crisis has, its novel features. The restlessness reached all the way around the hemicycle of the Chamber, even to the followers of General de Gaulle, whose decision to support and—some of them hoped—to participate in the next Government of France made possible the Government of René Mayer. Like Antoine Pinay, René Mayer must stand and fight on the price line, for no conservative Government of France can be at *once conservative and inflationary* and yet survive. But unlike Pinay, Mayer plans to fight this battle not only on the domestic front but on the foreign front as well, and his Cabinet has become the first true

De Gaulle

"Foreign Affairs" Cabinet of postwar France.

In France as in America, the outward orientation of the new Mayer Government has led attention to be focused almost exclusively on the decision of Mayer to push the European Army Treaty through to conclusive ratification by the French Assembly. This decision is in part a reflection of Mayer's very sincere "European conviction." But in equal measure the commitment is necessary in order to retain continuing American support of the French economy and possibly to secure an increase in that support if, in the next few months, the French economy shows signs of blowing up once again.

Mayer's Nest

For what faces Mayer in the national bookkeeping is a slowly growing crisis, a direct legacy from the previous Pinay experiment. When Pinay put the French economy into a deep-freeze, he froze everything, including French prices. These French prices remain anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five per cent higher than world prices on all basic products that enter into international trade.

Rich as France is, it must import from the outside world in order to live—it must import oil, cotton, wool, and much of its coal. If it cannot sell its products abroad, it cannot buy abroad and its industries must stutter to a halt. In the first nine months of last year, France's dollar deficit was over 1 billion (as against a similar deficit of $640 million the previous year). In December, France went into debt with its neighboring members of the European Payments Union to the tune of $71 million—and its total official gold reserves are only in the neighborhood of $500 million. It is this situation that makes Mayer now plan his calendar so that he may leave for England as quickly as possible to discuss exchange rates—a polite term for devaluation—with France's most important trading creditor. It is this that makes him so anxious to visit Washington to measure the good will of the new Administration.

Mayer would like to relax the restrictive measures within France which Pinay imposed to check inflation. He talks of "relaunching affairs," but he can do so only if he secures the necessary "adjustments" from his Allies.

HISTORIANS will probably record that both Pinay and Mayer were shrewd, honest men who tried hard. If historians are compelled to write these two Premiers down as small men, the fault will probably not lie with the men themselves. It will be because France has ceased to act, talk, or think like a great nation. For over a year, no member of a French Government has suggested a program of regeneration and revival designed to bring order and greatness out of the magnificent human and material resources which lie strewn across their country. Pinay's solution was to sit still and make the best of a situation he could not cure; Mayer's is to seek the solution abroad.

Neither Premier offered, or wished, to marshal France at home in new formation for new achievement. France today is stuck, as it was stuck in 1938 and stuck in 1925—just stuck. Nor does anything on the present political horizon offer any hope that it will come unstuck to become a dynamic nation whose vigor and virility might guarantee the peace and security of the Atlantic basin and the New Europe.

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A New Strategy For Korea?

S. L. A. MARSHALL

ALTHOUGH Mao Tse-tung does not owe his power to his reputation as a military genius, in 1936 he wrote a textbook for the Red Army Academy which deserved a wider audience. *The Strategic Problem of China's Revolutionary Army* is not light reading for a weekend in the country. It is a mixture of abstractions and concrete ideas, tactical maxims and philosophical platitudes.

But there has not been a clearer definition of Chinese military intentions since the building of the Great Wall. Only, unlike the meaning of the Wall, which could be taken in at a glance, Mao's meaning was not understood by the outside world because his words were not read.

At one point Mao noted that a good way to achieve deception is to make sure that in the initial stages of war the opposing side captures exactly the right prisoners. If that was not precisely what the Chinese Communists did on entering the Korean War in 1950, then what happened must be dismissed as an ingenious coincidence.

Further along, Mao pays tribute to the Brest-Litovsk negotiations as a pilot model for obstructionism by a revolutionary government when time is a main need. Stall them and confound them! So the Chinese knew what they were doing when they first sat down at the Kaesong table, while our side, knowing Brest-Litovsk only as a spot on a map where once upon a time Russians and Germans parleyed, didn't.

THE MAIN theme of Mao's treatise on war is that revolutionary governments can always afford a protracted defense because the sacrifice to strategic pressure from without is more than offset by consolidation of the political position within. As events have proved, this was not one of Mao's idle philosophical platitudes; it forewarned that Communist China would intervene in any foreign war where it might expect to outstay its opponent.

Whatever losses in territory are necessary, Mao said, are bargains when they become stepping stones to ultimate victory. The idea is hardly radical. Mao simply agrees with MacArthur that there is no substitute for being the winner at the final bell. Follow now his musings on that subject: "A fool refuses to sleep and has no energy for the next day. In the market, a buyer must lose his cash to obtain his goods. If what we lose is territory and what we gain is victory over the enemy plus return and expansion of the territory, war is a profitable business."

Because this is a typical passage, it helps explain several things. On the face of it, this is such a silly way to write about war that no civilized staff college would have felt justified in taking Mao seriously. But the military meat is still present amid the metaphorical hash. His repeated emphasis on victory and the necessity therefor must inevitably raise some questions about our own ability to understand the problem in Korea and the attitude of our main enemy toward it.

"Main enemy" means Red China, not Russia. While it may have been good electioneering to say that the war is run by Moscow, it is simply not true. Red China is the great opponent as the struggle stands, and neither the weapons supplied by Russia nor the auxiliary fanatics from North Korea could keep the war going one month if China were to quit. There would be nothing to resist the U.N. coalition if the Chinese divisions backtracked to the Yalu.

And so it is to Red China's doctrine that we should pay heed if we are to distinguish between a detour and the main road.

A Sound Proposition

Just as Mao's doctrine supplies the reasoning which, from Communist China's view, warranted the intervention and should have forewarned us of it, it hints at the terminal point: War is a "profitable business" only so long as it points toward eventual

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victory, with its fruits of territory and prestige.

There is nothing uniquely Communist or Chinese about that proposition. But stating it underscores the fact that until now Red China has found the Korean War a bargain. It has its victory with the prestige of having defeated a modern coalition that includes the world's foremost power. Mao's armies have squatter's rights on the territory of a greatly weakened neighbor. His own domain remains inviolate. The war has become a tactical stalemate for the U.N. side, but it has not been at any time a strategic stalemate for China. Nothing has happened to indicate that in the end the prize will be physically wrested from China, and accordingly nothing has happened to put an insupportable strain on the working arrangements between China and Russia. From the view of both partners, the deal is still a sound one.

BUT SIMPLE as the truth may be that the military credit of the Peking régime has never for a moment been in jeopardy, it counts for nothing so long as we won't see it. When the Chinese acted like victors at Panmunjom, we mistook the confidence that comes of a superior situation for the bluff and bluster that frequently mask an inferior position. Why didn't the Chinese walk off with their victory then, after we had effectively conceded it to them? The answer is not to be found in the prisoner-repatriation issue, which was simply seized upon to tie up operations as long as possible while the Communists took a reading of our long-term intentions. During the months the parley went on, the U.N. side continued to weaken its relative position along the front, encouraging in the enemy the belief that by fighting longer he could enlarge his victory.

This was a major mistake because it discounted the basic principles by which war is conducted. Being more realistic than the people on our side, the Communists know that the object in war is not the prevention of killing, but victory, enhanced prestige, and greater organizing power when the fighting ends. To men like Mao, the lives of a million or so Chinese mean nothing compared to the furthering of their own position as top dogs in Asia. Mao says as much. Yet we persist in the illusion that these men must in time give up because Chinese are dying along the front line and our weapons are deadlier than theirs.

Acceptance of Stalemate

Another myth of our own devising is the acceptance of stalemate as a tactical fact rather than as a condition in the American and U.N. mind. There has never been a true stalemate in Korea because we have never made a first-class effort there. We have fought the whole war on a shoestring.

In the early days of the war we took one great gamble that failed. Thereafter we have remained content to hold on with as little as possible. Instead of asking what must be done to gain mobility and stretch our power, we fold our hands and say it can't be done anyway, and even if it could, it would change nothing. All along, Syngman Rhee, despite his bullheadedness, has been closer to the military truth than has the government of the United States. His theme is that neither the enemy army nor the Korean terrain is unbeatable, and that we would so discover if we gave ourselves a fair chance. Maybe he talks too much about the Yalu, but his nose is pointed in the right direction.

Several reasons are advanced in

justification of the limited effort. The NATO Council is not alone in singing "We Mustn't Defend Ourselves into Bankruptcy"; the tune is a smash hit on Capitol Hill. Also, it is said that this is a U.N. war, and that we are only a large stockholder in a syndicate undertaking. But this too is a snare and delusion. If the war is won, it will be a famous victory for collective security; if it is lost, the beating will be taken by the United States, and our prestige will shrink the world over.

WE ARE up against what the Duke of Wellington meant when he said a great power can't have any such thing as a small war, though it is not acknowledged in the conduct of our affairs. We don't even budget for the Korean War; it is financed under the head of "Miscellany" out of the petty-cash drawer. The main object appears to be to make the unpleasantness as painless as possible to the taxpayer. Public relations has been substituted for generalship. We have forgotten that in war just enough is never quite enough and that success is bought by the strength of one's reserves.

So it is that the Army is fretted by the desertion rate in the home establishment, though for the sake of economy its training structure has

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been converted into a network of replacement depots which give the young soldier no chance to form ties with a unit before he is introduced to a foxhole.

So it is that along the firing line in Korea, junior leaders are cheated of hard-won promotions because the Bureau of the Budget has tried to save money at the wrong point. So it is that amid the cry that the Eighth Army is short of certain types of ammunition, the manufacturers of the same ammunition are at a loss to understand why such inadequate use is made of available capacity. So it is that we wasted two critical years before deciding that the provision of more equipment to build a strong ROK Army might be a sound investment, and so it is that we are now getting on with it only because of the argument that it is one way to save American lives.

The Discarded Book

When the artificial fog envelops all policies pertaining to organization for war, it is not remarkable that there is so little hard-boiled and realistic thinking about how to fight it to a decision. Yet war is generally fought forward, since the enemy lies that way. The usual highroad to success is to collapse his works and smack his backsides. The main object is to beat him on the main battlefield, the place where he has staked his fortune.

At least those were the rules yesterday, though today we've thrown the book away. Let it be mentioned that giving Communism a thorough beating in North Korea might be a main step toward liquidating present hostilities, and the response is a lot of shopworn argument about why it doesn't make military sense.

"Fighting in the north will strengthen the Chinese by lengthening our supply lines while shortening theirs." Not necessarily true, since we control the seas. Moreover, the same argument would have invalidated almost every successful offensive plan in the history of war.

"We can't win that way. If they are pushed into Manchuria, the Chinese will fight back across the border." But meanwhile, they will have suffered a first-class defeat. By attacking from their own soil, they would invite attack into it, which they don't seem to want.

"It is the attenuation of their communications which makes them vulnerable to our air attack." What *nonsense*! Reducing their rear area would make possible a more perfect concentration of our air effort.

"Our planes can't attack their lines and bases in Manchuria." And why not?

"It wouldn't end the war." Who can be so sure about something that hasn't been tried? Mao wants victory; he is not likely to soften until he sees it slipping finally from his fingers.

"Russia might be provoked." Russia will not be provoked until the day it is ready for a third world war, and then no provocation will be necessary.

THAT'S the list. The answers are academic and without military meaning if the U.N. cause has no real staying power and is now concerned mainly with foreclosing what some of its early champions have come to consider a bad business. But the unwisdom of permitting large forces to become pinned down in a strategically profitless area is quite another argument. All we are looking at here is the question of how best to employ these forces toward decisive ends if the commitment is to continue.

Finding a sufficient answer to that question is now the main problem before the Eisenhower Administration, and there are already several new roadblocks in the way. Increasing the defense budget is abhorrent to the new majority, but a bigger build-up can't be achieved on fewer dollars. Further, because of manpower shortage, lack of reserves in the theater, and the scarcity of ready formations here at home, we can't bring off a decisive concentration this year. The index therefore points to 1954, which is also an election year. To ask larger means now for an expanded military undertaking which might bring success eighteen months hence and then again might not is a capital political risk. The President might nerve himself to it. But would his party follow him?

Educated Guessing

War planning, if it is to work, must be kept secret in main detail. So while Eisenhower may have given some indication of his program in his State of the Union message to Congress, the pressure points will not be finally revealed until there is action at the operating end. That has not stopped the Washington press corps from making some educated guesses, based on Eisenhower's rescinding of Truman's order to the Seventh Fleet. Some of the items:

Chiang on Formosa, his quarantine ended, will be given increased training and material aid and will be encouraged to spread many alarums while being held back from any major excursions for a while, at least.

More military supply will go to the French in Indo-China to increase the pressure from that quarter.

More Americans, possibly three to four divisions, will be sent to Japan and held there in readiness.

The China coast will be put under naval blockade.

There may be bombing of rail

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lines, bridges, canals, and other communications in the Chinese interior.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE of this forecast cannot be guaranteed. But if it is anywhere near the truth, it scarcely promises a new era of firmness. Rather, like the Fairy Queen in "Iolanthe," it makes our weakness more besettingly strong. There will be a build-up of material means by a side that is impoverished for fighting men. We shall spread ourselves around more though we are already faltering for lack of concentration. Against an enemy who has already proved that he will not be bluffed, we will threaten more and spring less. By the slowest means known to warfare, blockade, we shall attempt to hasten victory over an opponent who is not dependent on sea commerce.

Some correspondents have already gone into raptures over these measures. Maybe it is again time to quote from Mao: "What is decisive is not determined by general considerations. In military operations, the selection of the direction and point of attack is based on the present situation of the enemy and the terrain. When supplies are plentiful, care should be taken against overeating; where there is a shortage, the only problem is how to overcome hunger."

Nothing has happened in the war's development to discredit the view that North Korea is the decisive battlefield. There is no reason not to believe that we could win it by adding four to five full-strength divisions, so that the Eighth Army would dig itself out and get mobile.

To employ the new units frontally against a fortified line would be risky and foolishly wasteful when, by exploiting our one supreme advantage—amphibious power—we could turn the barrier and at the same time force the enemy either to stand in the open or to flee. To reach once again for the Yalu would be not less foolish, because of the length of the frontier, and equally because a decision can't be won there if it can't be forced farther to the south where the peninsula narrows and the ground is suitable to defensive organization. Finally, if an amphibious maneuver were to be attempted, we should get away from conventional defense in line. Atomic development has deprived it of any real future, and in the Korean laboratory we should be evolving tactics that will also serve tomorrow.

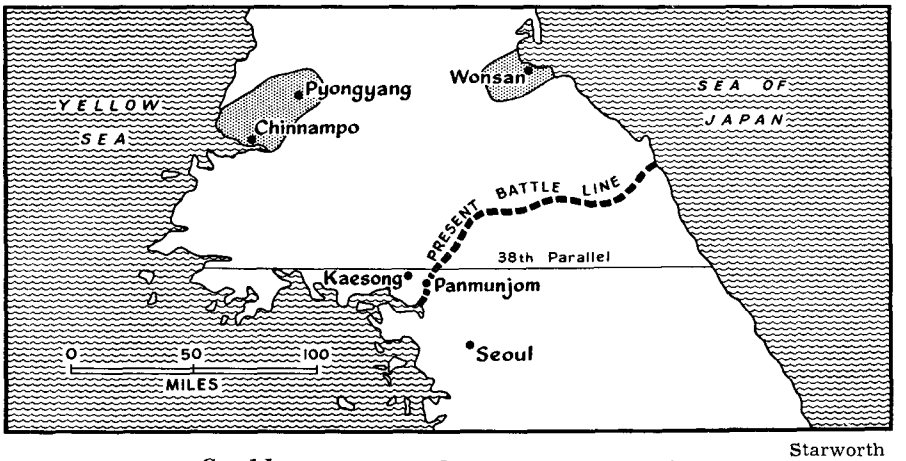
Twin Tobruks

Defense by bulkheads, or expanded beachheads, with fortified perimeters enclosing the base establishment along each coast, is the pattern that fits the situation. One block could enclose Wonsan, with the opposite block enclosing the Pyongyang-Chinnampo area. (*See map.*) No field force would be needed to hold the interzone ground, which is rough and mostly roadless country. Along that alley, air interdiction would be given its main chance to neutralize a canalized enemy force. If lesser methods fail to discourage the enemy, it might be the suitable time and place to undertake atomic counterattack, after warning the civil population.

On the west coast the tides make landings more difficult, but a bulkhead there would cover the main supply routes through Seoul and to the south. On the east coast, port facilities have been smashed flat. But in past wars we have taken pride in the engineering genius and material resources that enabled us to overcome far greater obstacles than these.

ALL THIS is easier said than done, and none of it is possible if the nation is still looking for a riskless course. To expand the enterprise would require an increase in mobilization and all other costs, which includes the blood price paid for a major battle. The alternative is far greater cost over a long term, not only in dollars but in lives, national prestige, and resolution here at home—all this for a slow-burning war which in the end we probably would not win.

What we now attempt is not our kind of contest. As we are organized in relation to the enemy, we are man-poor and machine-rich. When mobility fails for lack of men, the resulting contest of attrition is all in favor of the side that values human life less. "While the game of matching pearls is nothing between two dragon gods of the sea, it is ridiculous between one beggar and one dragon god." So wrote Mao.



Starworth

Could we squeeze them out of Korea?

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The bear and the honey

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Vigil on the Ramparts At Waterford, Minnesota

ERLING LARSEN

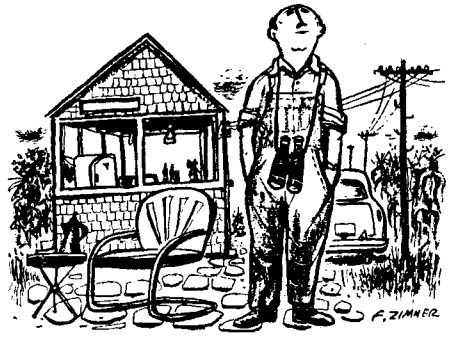
THERE was no more excitement here in Waterford when the aircraft-spotting exercises were first proposed in the fall of 1951 than there was when the Bolins' cocker spaniels got into the Gibsons' garbage pails. In both cases there was a vague feeling that something should be done, but after all, some nuisances are simply accepted as long as there are more important things to think about—hay to cut, a picking of beans to freeze, or an ice-cream social to get Chinese lanterns for. When the first meeting of volunteer aircraft observers was called, eight of us showed up and twenty-two did not. It was that simple. No one thought twice about it.

But we talked. Most of us are farmers, and farmers like to talk. Clayton Christian, who had called the meeting, is not a farmer, but he did lots of talking too. He wasn't happy about his sudden and rather mysterious appearance in the role of chief observer. Someone unknown, apparently under orders from Colonel E. B. Miller, Minnesota's Director of Civil Defense, had gone to Roy Parker first and tried to sell him the job of organizing the post, but Roy was wary, and besides he thought it would be a good joke to shove the job off on Clayton. Clayton took it, with the assurance that the purpose was only to have a skeleton group organized and at least partly trained in case of a shooting war and that there would be only occasional tests. Clayton signed up thirty volunteers by repeating the assurance, and then he called his meeting. It meant leaving his new auto-repair business for an evening, but he thought one night off now and then wouldn't hurt him.

The meeting was held in the old schoolhouse. (Our kids now ride the busses to Northfield to school.) Seven or eight of us got together and painted the place and put a new floor in it. We renamed it the Waterford Community Center, and it's a good place for a meeting.

What Are We Doing Here?

Well, Clayton gave us the assurance again, and we all looked at the forms we were to fill out when we spotted a plane. Clayton let us pick the times we wanted to stand watch during the first test. Absent volunteers were assigned watches in such



a way that they could be coached by the rest of us who had seen the forms. It was a pretty haphazard business, but most of us felt that the whole thing was pretty silly anyway. Waterford is a very small place, not even incorporated. It's just a cluster of white houses on a hill by the river and the highway, and I don't suppose there are more than sixty people living here. Most of the observers were farmers from near Waterford or people who made their livings by repairing farm tractors or shingling farm buildings or delivering fuel for farm homes.

Some of us thought it was odd that Northfield, about two miles away and with a population of almost seventy-five hundred, hadn't been chosen instead of Waterford, but it was explained that Northfield was too far away from the next post north, at Farmington. The idea was to have the posts eight miles apart, and ours was about ten miles from Farmington as it was.

That distance theory was the first thing we argued about. The next one was politics. Waterford Township is almost solidly Republican. At our last Presidential primary, conducted according to rules left us by former Governor Harold Stassen and requiring that the voter step up and ask for the ballot of his chosen party, only one person had the inclination or the courage to ask for a Democratic ballot. At the election itself, we gave Eisenhower 170 votes against 19 for Stevenson. Many of the volunteers claimed that the aircraft warning net was really a Democratic net.

ANOTHER matter disturbed us. One of the watchers had a brother who knew something about radar, and the story was soon spreading around Waterford that those long, cold hours out under a wintry wind

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would be a foolish waste of our time as long as the Army boys were sitting in their warm buildings staring at their radarscopes, never distracted by the sounds of trucks on the highway or the big diesel locomotives roaring up the grade toward Minneapolis. Of course, the Air Force claimed that radar often missed low-flying planes, but most of the watchers were pretty skeptical.

Despite our feelings on the matter, the first test went off pretty well. It was snowing now and then and blowing hard. I remember how cold I was after two hours on the hilltop in Bill Frame's farmyard where the post was set up.

But Minnie Frame made coffee, and the two men on watch would take turns going into the house to telephone in reports of passing planes. We also got warmed up shoveling Charlie Wale's car out of the snow. The wind was heavy enough to pile up drifts in Bill's driveway during one two-hour watch.

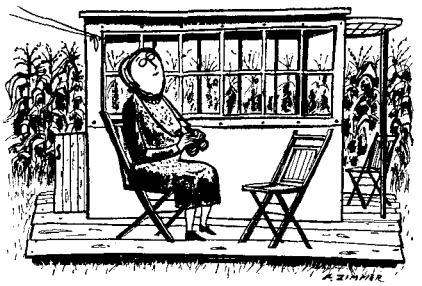
Everyone showed up that day, and the only grumbling was about the weather. The weather began getting better, and the next few monthly exercises were not badly attended. Bill Frame spent seventy-five dollars of his own money to build a kind of cupola on his barn for us to watch from, and the telephone company ran an extension up there. There was talk of throwing a basket social to raise Bill's money for him.

The Last Straw

But the honeymoon had to end. The Democratic talk and the radar talk got pretty serious. As spring came on and work on the farms piled up, it became more difficult to keep the post manned. The high command made itself very unpopular by scheduling an exercise which interfered with both Father's Day and the fishing season. The last straw was the announcement that the post should be manned twenty-four hours a day for an indefinite period.

The Waterford post went out of business right then. We might have been able to keep it going if headquarters had not seemed to reflect our own apathy. The Department of Civil Defense, commenting on the report that many were unhappy about the lack of aircraft to spot, grew petulant: "It is a tremendous effort for the Supervisors to keep a Ground Observer Corps together, anticipate a test exercise, and then be subjected to the complaints of the observers when no planes are sighted." We saw few enough planes over Waterford, and we certainly saw no Russian planes at all, which was considered a sort of personal affront.

Although every letter that came from headquarters, whether from



Civil Defense Headquarters in Minneapolis or from some Army headquarters on Long Island or in Kansas City, insisted on the vital necessity of continuing the spotting, most of us are generally disposed to suspect any letter signed by a general or colonel. In Waterford we keep pretty close to the buck-private viewpoint.

Apparently the psychological drag was heavy everywhere, so heavy that the date set for operating the observation posts around the clock was postponed by a man who signed himself General Nathan F. Twining, Acting Chief of Staff, pending "restudy" of the problem "in cooperation with Federal and State Civil Defense Director." Waterford's Chief Observer Clayton Christian got his postponement orders by telephone.

But this may have been intended simply to prod the local chiefs into more energetic action. Clayton had figured he would need one hundred people to keep our post going, with each pair of observers standing one four-hour watch per week and with a safe number of substitutes—and he had his original thirty and no more. By reading between the lines of the official form letters we got the idea that the state directors were having as much trouble as the supervisor at Waterford.

In a letter we got last June, Colonel Miller explained that at a meeting held in San Francisco the National Association of State Civil Defense Directors had adopted a resolution protesting the twenty-four-hour order and requesting reconsideration. This resolution was forwarded to General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the Air Force. Colonel Miller wrote that the resolution had been based on the widely accepted idea that the Ground Observer Corps was to have been a standby organization, not completely activated except for "periodic tests, an imminent emergency, or actual war."

The upshot of the resolution was a meeting of State Civil Defense Directors in Washington, called by Thomas K. Finletter, then Secretary of the Air Force. At this meeting Finletter said that the "Ground Observer system is absolutely indispensable for detecting low-level attacks," that the "Russians are capable *today* of delivering a serious blow," and that it is "literally imperative that we take every step in our power to guard against this very real danger of *immediate attack*."

So the big Skywatch was on again. Clayton gave the story to both Northfield newspapers and made an appeal for volunteers. One of the papers waited a week to print it. A local radio program carried the story a few times. And Clayton got four volunteers, one of whom wrote from Iowa saying that he would be back at school in September and available then. The Waterford post has not yet been able to tell headquarters that it is operational. The big Skywatch was on, but the heavy drag was still on too.

I asked a few of my friends in Northfield whether they were planning to volunteer. Obviously, Waterford could not supply enough manpower, and some help would have to come from our larger neighbor two and a half miles away. One of my friends over there, a salesman, carefully avoided any personal commitment and said, "They're going to have a tough time convincing people they ought to get up in the middle of the night to drive two and a half miles out into the country and stand on top of a barn for four hours." Then he added, "Winter *or* summer."

Another friend said, "In 1945 they asked me if I wanted to stay in the

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Reserves and I said, 'Hell, no,' and I still say so. If they draft me again that's something else."

"Or if they drop a bomb," I said.

"Or if they drop a bomb."

This bomb idea was something I'd picked up from Clayton. Clayton says that organizing and running a full-time watch is a full-time job and that people won't volunteer anyway and that the Army has planes and bombs and why couldn't they practice by dropping a bomb in the middle of a woods or in a swamp somewhere and tell nobody about it and just let nature take its course? Then it wouldn't be hard to get volunteers. Clayton asked the state headquarters to relieve him. Clayton's wife said the job needed someone who really believed in it.

The Customer Is Not Sold

I wondered how much the people at the other posts around us believed in Operation Skywatch. I visited the three posts nearest us and learned that the citizenry had simply not been sold on something which "competent authority" considered indispensable.

The other three posts I visited lie on a quarter circle about ten miles from Waterford. Straight north of us is Farmington, with a population of just under two thousand. Roy Harmer, chief of the Skywatch there, told me that he had been able to use high-school kids for the daylight watches during the summer, leaving the few adult volunteers to stand the unpopular night watches. Even so, the post was not manned at all between ten at night and four in the morning. And when school started things got really tough.

The Farmington post went on the inactive list, following Waterford, on October 4, at a wiener roast and with appropriate ceremony. Harmer told me that he decided to quit while he still had a "nucleus of volunteers" on whom he could rely in case the watch ever became "really necessary" rather than to try to fight the thing through until "everyone got sour on it and we would be forced to quit with no one but myself on the rolls."

Randolph, straight east on the quarter circle, is a town of about three hundred people. There Bill Cords, a retired railroad foreman, had forty observers under his command. Since many of his watchers were farmers who simply could not show up during their busy season, Cords frequently stood watch alone for twelve and fourteen hours a day. The post was on the high-school roof, and Cords said that the mayor never bothered to climb up there even once to see how the operation was going. Ladders, very straight up through a skylight, made it impossible at first for many women to get to the roof at all.

Eventually the high school put up the money for a stairway to the roof, and the male volunteers built a shelter over the skylight, using storm windows and other salvaged material. But winter scared the watchers and apparently scared the village council too, because when Bill Cords asked the council for insulating materials and roofing for his shelter, they voted to discontinue the whole business. George Ohs, a councilman, said that he himself was tired of going up on the roof in the cold while the rest of the village sat around laughing.

Hampton, midway between Randolph and Farmington on the ten-mile quarter circle, was a brighter spot. At first H. E. Latimer, the chief observer there, was not eager to tell me about his system and his post. Latimer, the railroad's station agent at Hampton, said that he realized some news of his methods was getting out, but he was not sure it was a good thing. However, the Hampton story was becoming pretty well known. The state authorities apparently considered Hampton one of their better posts; a Minneapolis reporter interviewed Latimer by telephone and wrote a half-column story about him. So far as salesmanship was concerned, the Hampton operation was the most successful of those around Waterford.

When I got to Hampton I found the post very easily. It was a small frame building in the middle of a grain field with telephone and electric wires running into it. Outside it stood a woman with a pair of binoculars slung around her neck. I stopped and talked. I asked a few questions about aircraft and telephone connections and then drove down to the depot to interview the chief observer.

Hampton is a small town, and the station agent is a Jack-of-all-railroad-trades. As Latimer and I talked, he had to take time to receive and type telegrams, accept and bill express shipments, and give information about routes and rates. The telegraph instrument clicked constantly. Latimer said that his Skywatch was running smoothly, without a ripple. The only major hitch had been that people scheduled for the watch be-

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ginning at midnight would come on the wrong day, thinking that Thursday's midnight-to-four watch came Thursday night, not Thursday morning. "Other than that," Latimer said, "there's no trouble. People keep volunteering. I got two new ones yesterday. Hampton's population is two hundred and seventy-four. We have ninety-two volunteers on the list. Six or eight of them are farmers, but even so we have nearly one-third of our total population standing watch."

The Hungry Patriots

In contrast to Waterford (where Bill Frame is still holding the bag for his cupola) Hampton had built a six-hundred-dollar observation post, all insulated and shingled, and had furnished it with two hundred dollars' worth of radios, tables and chairs, a refrigerator, and an electric coffeemaker. It had then gone on to finance lunch for the observers on duty. The free lunches may have helped to account for some of the volunteers. In the first ten days of full-time operation, the Hampton volunteers had gone through two pounds of butter, a prodigious amount of bread and cold cuts, five cases of soft drinks, and almost three pounds of coffee.

"We told them not to abuse this lunch privilege," Latimer said, "and if they did abuse it we would have to stop it. We told them the last man on watch needed coffee just as much as the first one."

Under the Hampton Civil Defense "Watch Order and Station Bill" one grocer was charged with the responsibility for visiting the post to check up on supplies, to keep the post supplied, and to bill the village once a month.

"That's pretty steep for a village of two hundred and seventy-four," I said.

"No kicks," Latimer said. "And we didn't ask anybody about it anyway. I'm village clerk, and when the first notice about this spotting business came in, the mayor told me to set it up and we voted the money right there and were in business just like that. We called a few meetings, asked people what watches they wanted, put the women on days and the men nights, and have been going ever since. No kicks at all."

"The money?" I asked.

"We're lucky. We have two on-sale liquor licenses that bring the village a good deal of income. Randolph is dry, but the dry voters come over here to drink wet."

All in all, Latimer thought the Hampton people were not too heavily influenced by the free lunches. "They know what the score is. They know nobody will waste a bomb on Hampton, but they know **why** Hampton should watch for bombers."

Nevertheless the Hampton operation had to be slowed down. After a couple of months the free lunches were discontinued because they were costing $80 a month and that, on top of the cost of Thermopane windows and an electric heater put in to keep the post warm in winter, would soon have put even the Hampton tax structure out of kilter. As I write this the number of watchers has dropped from ninety-two to forty-four, and the post is manned only from eight in the morning until midnight. Nevertheless, Hampton is the only one of the four posts set up around Waterford that is still operating even part time.

THE PEOPLE simply have not been convinced. Everyone you talk to says he's "willing to do his share" or "willing to work when we really have to," but only a few feel that necessity is now upon us. No one says, "Let the enemy come." Everyone says, "When we really need the Skywatch, we'll be ready."

Most of us here around Waterford want to be good citizens, I think, and most of us realize that being a good citizen is often a pretty boring job. But we want to know why we're doing what we're doing.

Should We Share Atomic Secrets with Britain?

RALPH E. LAPP

THE FIRST British atomic-bomb explosion, which occurred last October off Australia, marked the entry of Great Britain into the select society of nations having atomic weapons. The sequel to the explosion took place in January when Prime Minister Churchill met with General Eisenhower. One of the items high on the agenda of this conference was the matter of an atomic partnership between Great Britain and the United States.

Our wartime co-operation with the British ended in 1946 after the Bikini tests. Officially it ceased with the enactment of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. This law, popularly known as the McMahon Act, effectively confined the atomic-energy activities of our scientists within our boundaries. We continued to co-operate with Canada to some extent, and to a lesser degree with Great Britain.

We are now at the point where we should again consider full-scale hand-in-glove co-operation in atomic energy. The United States profited during the war by sharing the atom with Great Britain, and we stand to

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benefit again if we resume this sharing. Atomic-energy development has stemmed from applying the basic knowledge which has been built up gradually over a period of time. This basic knowledge has largely been of foreign origin. Indeed, much of it came from the British Isles. So much, in fact, that one prominent scientist has stated that "nuclear physics was mostly a British invention." Mr. Churchill is not likely to have underestimated this point in his discussions with General Eisenhower. The point is worth pursuing, for although many European countries contributed to nuclear science, the British stand out as the early explorers of this realm.

Rutherford, Chadwick, Penney

At the turn of the century a British physicist probed the mysteries of the atom and thereafter surpassed all other scientists. For almost forty years he solved the many complexities of the perverse atom. His name was Ernest Rutherford. His list of discoveries is so formidable that he has been called the father of nuclear physics. Beginning with his work in radioactivity, Lord Rutherford probed deep within the atom and established the existence of the dense hard core or nucleus which is the mainspring of atomic energy. He was the first to observe nuclear disintegration. With his profound insight into the scheme of things, he predicted the existence of the neutron a decade before it was discovered.

One of the world's greatest living scientists is Sir James Chadwick, a student of Rutherford's. In 1932 he discovered the neutron, the particle which is the key to the practical release of atomic energy. Furthermore, Chadwick was one of the first men to peer into the murky future and realize that an atomic bomb could be made. In fact, it was Chadwick who spearheaded British work on the bomb and gave Britain a head start over the United States. The failure of the United States to co-operate immediately with the British probably added months to the eventual time for the development of the first A-bomb. During the war, when the two great nations joined forces, Chadwick headed a task force at our Los Alamos laboratory. This relatively small group of Britishers made contributions that have never been fully acknowledged by the United States.

Another British scientist who played a very significant but little-

appreciated role in our bomb project was Dr. William G. Penney, today Britain's top bomb expert. Much of his value to our bomb development was due to a curious fact: He was an expert on high explosives. This may seem something of a paradox to those unfamiliar with the A-bomb until they learn that the 1945-model bomb was mostly TNT or RDX. (The latter is TNT's big brother.) But even more, the quiet, almost shy Dr. Penney knew how to deal with blasts. He knew how to work with the inward blast inside the A-bomb, which was the real secret of the weapon. And he knew how to deal with the outward blast or shock wave, which is the atomic explosion with which the world is all too familiar. At the Los Alamos Laboratory, in the plane that carried the second A-bomb to Japan, and at Bikini Dr. Penney demonstrated that he could work with U.S. scientists and produce remarkable results. Last October, as head of the British expedition to the Monte Bello Islands, he demonstrated again that he is master of the A-bomb business. U.S. scientists would like very much to have him working on our team.

But do we still need the British to help us? Some may argue that we developed the H-bomb without their aid. Furthermore, we have built up a vast atomic enterprise with capital expenditures exceeding $6 billion. What have we to gain from the British at this stage of the game?

First, we should admit that American efforts in the atomic field have been largely exploitations. We in-

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herited or appropriated the basic substructure upon which to build. This is true both for the A-bomb and for the H-bomb. As Gordon Dean, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, stated last December 15: "In the field of atomic energy . . . we have in the past decade enthusiastically stripped the basic research tree of most of the fruit produced in the past century." The atomic age is still in its infancy, and it would be both myopic and egotistical to assume that we have all the basic science we need or that we can produce it at will without outside help. The far-flung seeds of basic science have a distressing habit of sprouting on distant shores.

Oak Ridge and Harwell

Second, we should not compare the dollars we have spent or the plants we have built with those of Great Britain. It was through mutual agreement during the war that atomic production facilities were located in the United States. The British knew that an Oak Ridge located on their island would have been far too vulnerable to enemy air attack. By concentrating on the production of bomb material, the United States has accumulated a very large stockpile of atomic explosives. So large, in fact, that any immediate British contribution would be only a drop in the bucket. Dollarwise, the British have not come close to equaling our atomic expenditures. But here we must look closely to see if we are comparing similar things. Just what have the British been doing since the Atomic Energy Act excommunicated them from our atomic work?

The British have built some production facilities, such as the plutonium plant at Sellafield, Cumberland, but a very large portion of their work has focused on research and development. Heading this work is Sir John Cockcroft, a Nobel Prize winner and a pioneer in atomic research. He is Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, which has its headquarters at Harwell. There a former Royal Air Force base has been converted into a modern research center. There top British scientists have assembled to make sure that their country will not lag in atomic research. Some indication of the work being turned out at Harwell was given last summer when a 120-page report was released summarizing six years of postwar research.

Symbolic of the progress achieved at Harwell was the "first" which Britain scored in using atomic energy for heating. A token amount of heat extracted from a nuclear reactor (the technical name for the heart of an atomic-power plant) was used to heat buildings at the Harwell site. The United States several months later also demonstrated that atomic energy could be used for power purposes.

No nation has as yet shown that atomic energy can be used to produce commercial power—that is, electricity generated at a cost comparable to that produced by a coal-fired steam plant. However, the British are gunning for atomic power and are known to have devoted much of their effort to the design of a heavy water-uranium reactor for producing electricity. Almost all U.S. effort has been channeled into making specialized atomic-power plants for propelling military vehicles such as submarines. Today there are no plans for building a central-station A-power plant comparable to the British design. Should the British be the first to prove that atomic power is commercially feasible, the United States will certainly suffer no little loss of prestige.

WE MAY WELL assume that Britain's Prime Minister stressed the peacetime aspects of atomic energy

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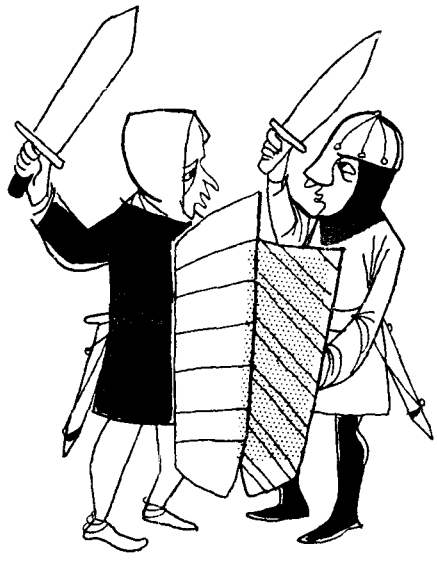
in his talks with General Eisenhower. Since details of the Eisenhower-Churchill conference have not been revealed, we may only speculate on the points of agreement. One thing, however, seems quite clear: Even though President Eisenhower may have been completely sold on co-operation with Britain, he cannot commit the United States to any firm agreement without asking the new Congress to amend the Atomic Energy Act.

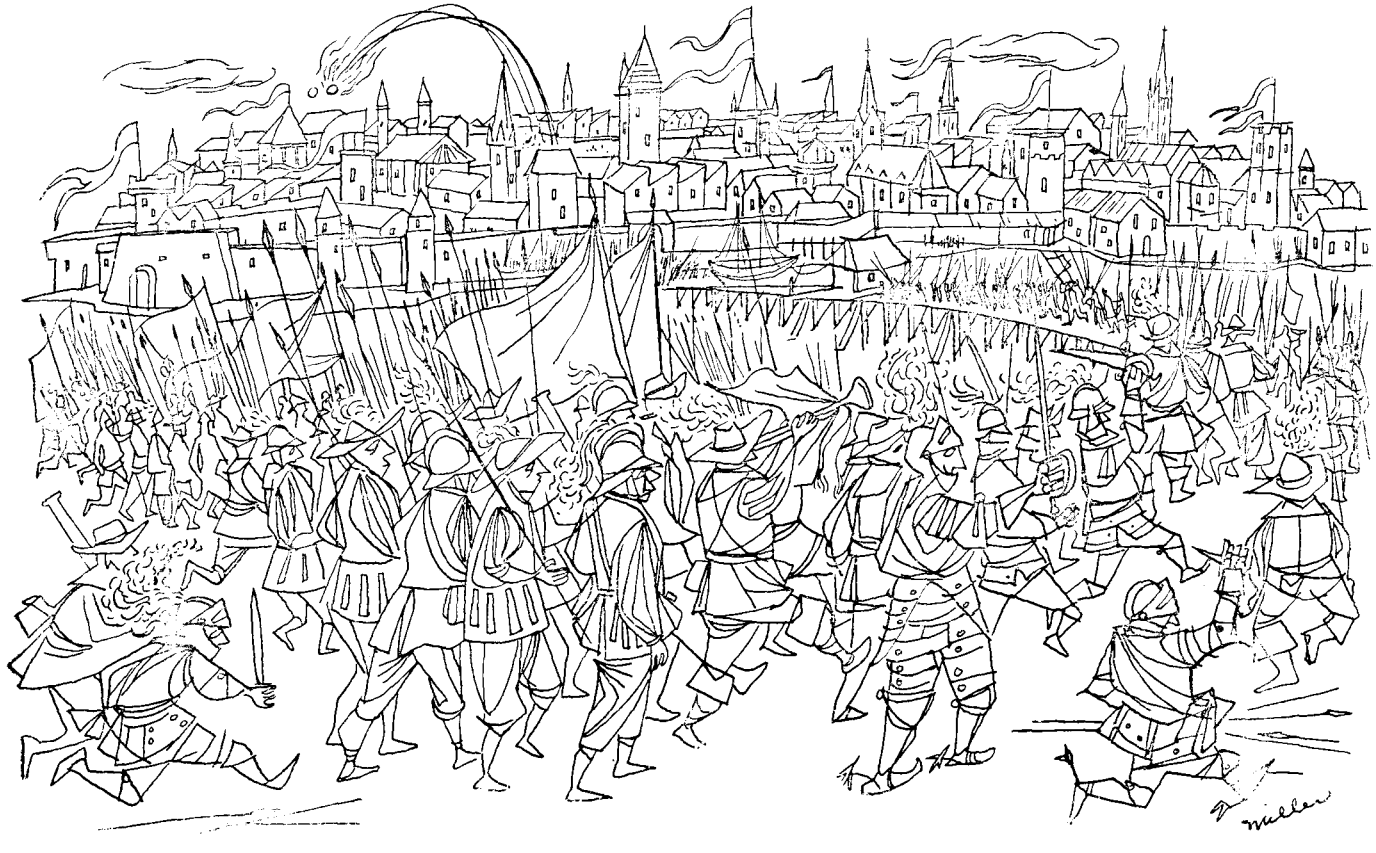
This law was amended by the last Congress, supposedly in order to permit greater co-operation between this and other nations. But so many provisions were tacked onto the amendment that in effect the Act is unchanged. For example, Provision No. 4 requires that the President may give atomic data to another nation after "securing the written recommendation of the National Security Council . . . that the arrangement would substantially promote and not endanger the common defense and security of the United States, giving specific consideration to the security sensitivity of the restricted data involved and the . . . security safeguards undertaken . . . by the recipient nation . . ."



Two items in this provision are worth noting. First, President Eisenhower would have a hard time demonstrating in a concrete way how the sharing of secrets with a foreign power would bulwark our national security. He might quote Arthur H. Compton's observation of last December 2: "Our greatest national danger seems to me to lie in placing unwise restrictions on free co-operation among those who must be responsible for the development of new ideas." But this argument probably would not convince many Congressmen.

Second, our new President would have an equally difficult time persuading Congress to authorize the handing over of secrets to Britain as long as there is memory of Dr. Klaus Fuchs. That twisted genius who once worked with our Los Alamos scientists now has a prison address in Staffordshire, but he is still a very substantial obstacle to U.S.-British collaboration. He is such a wedge between the two nations that one wonders if he was driven there by a cunning double cross on the part of the Soviets. Was Dr. Fuchs's espionage discovered by the Allies or was it deliberately revealed by the Soviets? If it was a Russian maneuver it was a master stroke to isolate Great Britain from the United States.

Since the Fuchs disclosures, the British have taken steps to clean house. Congressmen may argue that we can't be sure there isn't another Fuchs lurking in their atomic program. No one can be sure—any more than we ourselves can be sure that our Atomic Energy Commission is free from such a taint. This is probably a calculated risk which must



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be assumed. Risks are always taken in any alliance. But Congress might not like the risk, especially that of a full-scale atomic partnership. Therefore, if there is to be further co-operation it may still be limited.

Blueprint for Partnership

A limited agreement might well be along the lines of the following three-point program of co-operation:

Point One: Complete exchange of data in basic atomic science and development. This would include all peacetime uses of radioisotopes in physical science, agriculture, industry, and medicine. British scientists would be allowed free access to such sites as the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island and the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee. We, in turn, would be permitted to send our experts to the Harwell Research Establishment.

Point Two: Almost full co-operation in atomic-power development. Our Navy Department would have to decide upon the extent to which there would be co-operation in developing atomic-propulsion devices. One would expect that simultaneously the Atomic Energy Commission might relax much of its secrecy and permit private industry greater access to atomic data.

Point Three: Partial sharing of data on atomic weapons. Presumably the British would be excluded from H-bomb data. However, sharing of "small" or tactical atomic-weapons data might well be sanctioned. This would be in line with General Omar Bradley's expressed view that we must share such data with our Allies in the defense of Europe. Obviously, the most painless way to do this would be to start with Great Britain, our most trusted ally. Furthermore, we would stand to benefit from the genius of Dr. Penney and other British experts.

Such a partnership, though limited, would still be of great value to the United States. The alliance would pair off the United States and Great Britain against the Soviet Union, drawing our two nations closer together and enhancing our collective security. It would be a step in the direction indicated by James B. Conant when he spoke in London last year: "If the foundations of Anglo-American relations remain secure, mankind can walk safely, I believe, even the tightrope of the Atomic Age."

The Long Morning After—IV:

The Stevenson Phenomenon

JOSEPH C. HARSCH

For years to come, the life of peoples at home and abroad will register the impact of the decision the American electorate made on November 4, 1952. This is why, to see as clearly as we can into the future, an effort must be made to evaluate the nature and the causes of the election returns. The following article is the fourth in a series of political analyses.

ADLAI STEVENSON presents a combination unusual in American political history. He is a defeated candidate for the Presidency of the United States. (Actually, he ran behind his party in votes.) But today he is also the object of an emotional respect bordering on hero worship which is inconsonant with the character of the man and with the type of campaign he waged and which has produced a present, and possibly a continuing, phenomenon in American political life.

By no means all Americans possess an emotional feeling toward Adlai Stevenson. The evidence of the ballots and the product of any cursory sampling of public opinion show that the man and his unorthodox campaign intrigued but failed to convince a majority of Americans. Yet among a particular element which prides itself on being rational and unemotional there is almost ado-

ration for this old-fashioned, non-glamorous figure who used words so simply and carefully that he gave them a Biblical weight and meaning, who referred to the Deity with the easy but reverent familiarity of our forefathers, who generally avoided overstatement, who refused to make unrealizable promises, and who put humility above self-assurance.

Flood of Emotion

One component of the phenomenon is that many who feel it did not vote for Stevenson but wrote him letters of apology afterward. Such letters were numerous among the eighty thousand which poured into Springfield during the first two weeks after Election Day. Such writers continue to express their feeling. Stevenson himself experiences it by letters, by phone calls, and by personal approach. It is so personal and so emo-

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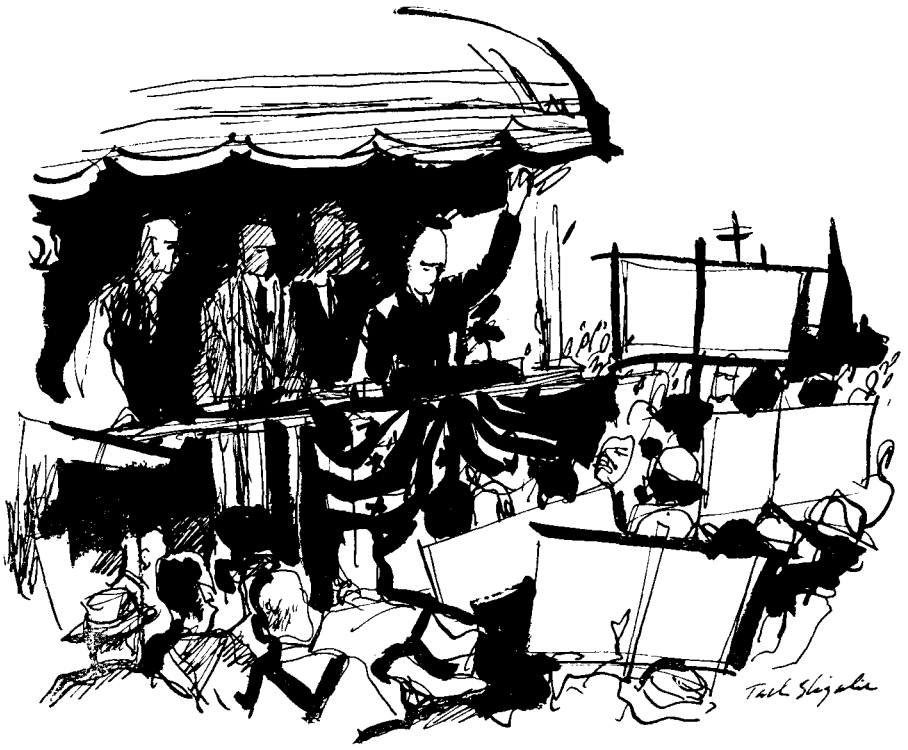

tional that he finds himself surrounded, almost imprisoned by it. He can neither understand it nor cope with it.

Members of his campaign staff experience a transferred version of the emotion. People stop them on the street and ask with bated breath: "What was he *really* like?" They telephone to Democratic Party centers around the country pleading, "When can we see him?" "What can we do to help him in 1956?"

The man of reason, the philosopher, the intellectual introvert is today surrounded by emotion.

WHAT is it that this special "band of brothers" sees in Adlai Stevenson? Who are they, why do they feel it, and what does it mean for the future?

Plainly, what they see in him is a focus of their faith and a symbol of their hopes. They were stirred by his simplicity of language, his moral tone, and his elevation of integrity above success. They believe that he is the answer to their yearning for understatement in an age of overstatement, for humility in an age of aggressive self-assertion, for reverence in an age of cynicism. They also see in Adlai Stevenson a champion against their fears of hucksters, loudspeakers, and clichés, their fears of McCarthys and McCarrans with their self-assumed monopoly on loyalty, their fears of the Nixons with their self-righteousness. In their blacker, more pessimistic moments, these people who were stirred by Adlai Stevenson even fear that he was the last, best hope the American people had of breaking the closing grip of all they think is dragging their civilization into a brazen age of distortion and unreason.

The Staunch Stevensonians

Adlai Stevenson did not appear thus to all Americans. There are others, millions of them, who read his speeches as a false witchery of brittle wit and deceptive wiles. To them he was at best the colorless tool of a discredited political alliance. Some, less charitable, regarded him as a slick con man whom the archvillain Harry Truman had slily foisted upon the party and would, if he could, foist on all the American electorate.

These people saw Stevenson belatedly drawing a blanket of spurious respectability over the debris of Truman corruption. This segment of the population also suspects that only the dupes who lost their hearts to Roosevelt were wooed successfully by Stevenson.

Who were the members of our populace who responded emotionally to the dry, unemotional Adlai Stevenson? The best source of information is the mountain of letters still building at Springfield. It will take time to analyze them scientifically. But those who went hurriedly through the first loads noticed several consistent characteristics. Most of the letters were well composed and well written, obviously from educated and literate people. Many of them were typewritten. Many of them were on personal stationery. This indicates a middle-economic-class derivation; perhaps what is called upper-middle.

THERE is other evidence. On the campaign trains and in newspaper offices, impromptu polls showed most working newspapermen, as distinguished from their publishers, on the Stevenson side. Among those who still telephone and visit Democratic Party offices there are many schoolteachers. Magazine editors and college professors are in the group, but not many college students.

Labor leaders report that most of their men remained loyal to the old political alignment in spite of the mass defection of their wives, but these men apparently are not among those who responded emotionally to Stevenson. Rather they were following old voting habits. Certainly Stevenson did not appeal to the inhabitants of the new American suburbia, the generation that has just moved up out of the city and factory slums to Rambler Haven. Nor did he appeal to the farmer. And it goes without saying that the emotional feeling for Stevenson seldom penetrated into the upper economic brackets of manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, and doctors.

We know there were other large elements in the population who voted for Stevenson, but there is little basis for including them among the post-election Stevensonians. There were, for example, ardent Roosevelt enthusiasts whose loyalty to the New Deal tradition precluded any move across the party line. There were big blocks of Negro voters, particularly in the cities, who remained loyal to the Democrats, although they probably responded more to Truman's promises than to Steven-

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son's reticence. Then there were progressive Republicans like Senator Wayne Morse, who bridled at the choice of Nixon as the Eisenhower running mate and bolted somewhere along the road from Jenner through McCarthy to the use of Korean peace as a campaign attraction.

One is almost tempted, from existing evidence, to define the average Stevensonian as a middle-class intellectual, but plainly this won't do. There were G.I.s with little formal education and unimpressive economic background who thought Stevenson was wonderful because he stood up at both the American Legion and the AFL conventions and challenged many of these powerful organizations' best-established purposes. There were stenographers and taxi drivers who helped swell the mighty throng that spread for blocks around Madison Square Garden last October.

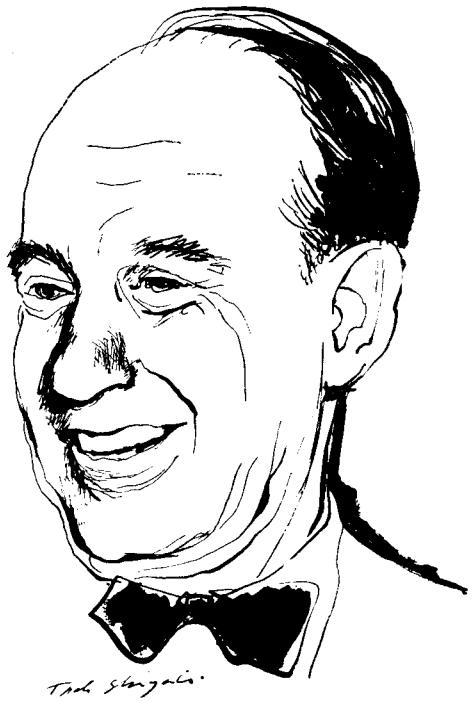
Most of them are educated, and most of them seem to have some identity with the middle- or upper-middle economic bracket. Yet literacy and middle-class status do not seem to constitute the common factor among all members of the group which feels that America lost a precious chance when it rejected Adlai Stevenson. One can only fumble for that missing factor. It cannot be reached by statistics or polls. This writer's guess is that it has something to do with ethics; that it involves the importance of a sense of fairness; that Stevensonians are to be identified (at least in their own minds) primarily by the concept that the end does not justify the means, but rather that it really is more important to be right and fair than it is to be President.

Unmet Needs?

Why does this group, with its center in the literate middle class, its convictions on the side of fairness, and its background anchored in the tradition of reason, feel drawn emotionally to the outwardly unglamorous and unemotional Stevenson? In the search for the answer let us examine three possibilities.

First, was there something inherent in the Stevenson personality that stirred the spiritual depths of men and women with various previous affiliations, prejudices, and cultural backgrounds? Those who believe in the "political miracle" of Adlai Stevenson would certainly answer "Yes." They are convinced today that no other man can lead the Democratic Party out of the maze it created for itself during its twenty years of furious, if not always consistent or coordinated, activity. But ask the question of a professional Democratic politician and you get a stare of incomprehension. To the "pols," Stevenson was just another case of betting on a weak horse. Sure, he stirred some people, but so did Henry Wallace and a lot of other also-rans.

Second, is the phenomenon the result of an intellectual dilemma? Do those affected by Stevenson suffer



from unmet emotional needs? If so, then Stevenson himself is unimportant. Kefauver could have fulfilled the same needs in a different way. This explanation would satisfy many a good Democrat who "went along," but it would never satisfy those who thrilled to the presumed integrity of the Stevenson political concept or were enthralled by his literary style.

To many unbelieving Republicans the Stevenson phenomenon is merely further evidence of the sentimentality, loose thinking, and general unpredictability of those they lump with the brain-trusters and "do-gooders" of New Deal days. (This same segment of the population would of course bitterly resist any suggestion that the element of hero worship affected the election on the Republican side.)

The theory of the unmet need, however, becomes untenable when we observe that many people who apparently fit into the same economic and intellectual category as those who are enthralled by Stevenson voted for Eisenhower. Many rational, literate, and thoughtful people weighed the issues and the personalities, and coolly, if regretfully, decided to vote the Democrats out of office. They too were ethical men and women.

Chemistry and Ethics

The third question is, Did some mental chemistry take place when the personality of Stevenson fused with the hopes, fears, and preconceptions of a militantly ethical lump of the population with its center in the literate middle class?

This third theory is probably the most objectively tenable. It would seem that the chemical effect of Stevenson the individual on the ethical lump is the true explanation of the phenomenon. It is the only one that explains, for example, why many voters who cast their ballots for Eisenhower immediately sat down and wrote to Stevenson that they had done so only to clear the Truman Administration away from him, who pledged to him their support for 1956, and who belong today to the group of those who are emotional about Stevenson.

Two stimuli are covered by the third explanation—the stimulus of the Stevenson personality and the stimulus of the inner and unmet need. The two came together and formed the emotional bond that is felt today by many a citizen and by Stevenson himself.

It was easy for those with inner needs to identify themselves with the mild-mannered man who stood forth and calmly stated the fears and dangers that have been tormenting thoughtful individuals increasingly. To such, Stevenson was a prophet-hero like Whittier's Men of Old, but

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minus the terrifying overtones which cause men to obey but not to love. He was a comforting, not a thundering, prophet. Gratitude for the calm dignity with which Stevenson honestly admitted fears and dangers was one of the emotions he aroused.

This identification with Stevenson intensified the emotional pitch and exposed his supporters to another situation that created emotion of an entirely different variety. The frustration and exasperation that overtake the thoughtful and scholarly man when he must continually deal with forces of unreason eventually lead to a suppressed rage that becomes as visceral an emotion as love, hate, sorrow, or joy. Each time Stevenson faced the attacks of the McCarthys and the other appealers to unreason, his supporters suffered as though they also had been attacked.

Those who were part of the phenomenon, particularly the professional men and women, most frequently explain their sympathy as that of the introspective intellectual who felt the doubts, understood the aims, and could see the vision Stevenson talked about. They did not miss easy answers because they did not expect any. This group attributes to the businessman, the "extrovert," a craving for pat answers, glib statements, and generalizations, with rule-of-thumb solutions for all problems, no matter how complex. So far as these Stevenson supporters are concerned, the election merely proved that there are more unreasoning extroverts than reasoning introverts in the electorate.

Whither Stevenson?

But the practical question, after all, is, Has the Stevenson phenomenon a future? Is it here to stay, or is the affair cooling off now that any possibility of a marriage has been put off for four years? Will the people or the Democratic Party be able to put the emotional energy generated to useful purposes?

The intensity of the devotion felt toward Stevenson might be dangerous if it were directed by a different group toward an unprincipled public figure. This must be the basis for the concern he himself feels as he sees its manifestations. Actually, it can furnish a firm cushion of support for Stevenson if he takes over the responsibility for leading the Loyal Opposition, as his supporters hope he will.

Immediately following the election, many of the people who had listened to Stevenson's campaign speeches became aware of a great silence. Those who had voted for Stevenson were not the only ones who missed the regular television and radio broadcasts. Even some staunch Republicans joined the clamor that some means be set up to ensure continuing communication between the defeated candidate and the public. One newspaperman whose vote went to Eisenhower and who admits to admiration but something less than adoration for Stevenson has suggested that the latter be appointed Rhetorician Laureate in order to promote the general welfare and possibly help ensure other Constitutional guarantees.

At any rate, many people who did not vote for Stevenson agree that the level of the campaign would have been several notches lower had it not been for his sustained determination to debate the issues "sensibly and soberly." Demonstrating the fact that modern problems and concepts can be expressed with dignity was not Stevenson's least valuable contribution to the electorate. "The Talk of the Town," according to the *New Yorker* on November 15, was that "The nourishment, the durability of this collection of campaign utterances struck us as something of a political miracle, in a time of wonders. . . . the new President-elect, if he should be in search of a small, inexpensive guidebook . . . could hardly ask for a more compact and useful volume to steady him in hours of perplexity and trouble. With minor allowances for differences in party philosophy, there is not much in the published speeches of Adlai Stevenson that General Eisenhower couldn't, or doesn't, subscribe to with all his heart, and it is the country's good fortune that this is so."

The real answer to the question of the future of the Stevenson phenomenon, of course, depends on the record of the Eisenhower Administration. Such an emotional phenomenon is not subject to conscious manipulation. It rises out of need and disappears when the need is satisfied. This one rose partly out of the man, and also partly out of widespread fears of McCarthys, immigration laws, loyalty oaths, pressures toward mental conformity, and government-by-huckster. Let Eisenhower dispel these fears and the phenomenon of Adlai Stevenson will become a memory. But if Eisenhower fails to meet and master them, then there might be another reaching for Stevenson.

If that time comes, one must hope that Adlai Stevenson will demonstrate again all the qualities he showed in 1952, and add to them a passionate will to victory that he did not then possess. At such a moment he would need not only wit, literacy, articulateness, humility, and integrity. He would also need the zeal of the crusader and the sword of righteous indignation.

Perhaps he would need one other quality. In retrospect it is increasingly difficult to put a finger on any original Stevenson contribution to the political or social philosophy of the American people. He presented an intellectual attitude toward the problems of the day. He did not propose solutions. He did not generate anything startingly new, or even new.

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Bill Mauldin Writes to Joe

TOOK the kids up the Hudson River the other day, and we got to West Point in time to watch a parade and review. By accident I ran into a couple of officers I'd met in Korea last winter. They teach at the Academy now.

We were standing there with the officers watching those cadets march like I never saw marching done before—if one rifle in a thousand had been out of line it would have stuck out like a sore thumb—when a lady visitor near us who'd also been looking at the parade with admiration spoke to one of my officer friends from Korea.

"My," she said, "your ROTC boys are wonderful! They must practice a great deal."

You can tell this to any West Pointers you run into over there and watch them blow steam out their ears.

SAW WILLIE last month and he said maybe it was good the Republicans had got in. He said he was tired of being eaten to death by taxes. I told him now he was going to see what it felt like to be run over by a fleet of Cadillacs.

He said I wasn't only an egghead, I was a sorehead. He said I was beginning to act like a poor man's Pegler. You can see Willie and I had quite a time.

That got me to thinking, what's going to happen to all the Peglers? Their bacon depends on being in opposition. Will they throw in with us Acheson admirers and deep-freeze owners? They're crazy if they don't. Nixon is an even better target than Wallace used to be, and the new Secretary of State hasn't even had his loyalty tested. He thought about it for a while, but in the end it turned out it would take too much time.

IT SURE will be nice if some good comes out of turning old Chiang loose. However, if he's half as bad as his enemies say and if the Communists are as unpopular in China as Chiang says, it would be an interesting sight when a couple of scouts for opposing patrols meet.

"Bang!" says the Red.

"Bang yourself!" says the Nationalist. "How's things in Peiping?"

"You mean Peking. Terrible. How's things on Formosa?"

"Lousy. Couldn't be worse."

"Oh yes it could," says the Red. "You could be on this side."

"Any change would be an improvement for me," says the Nationalist.

"Okay, buddy," says the Red. "You report back to my patrol and I'll join yours."

"All right," says the Nationalist. "We'll each tell 'em we made brief contact with the enemy and broke off the engagement. And try to stay off K.P. when you get back to "E" Company. The mess sergeant not only steals our rice and sells it but he's a slave driver in the bargain. So long, sucker."

"Wait a minute," says the Red. "We better trade weapons, too. I'd look pretty suspicious joining your outfit with a Russian burp gun. Besides, they never gave me any ammunition for it. So long, sucker, yourself."

On the other hand, Joe, they might either or both of them turn out to be honest men and shoot the hell out of each other. You never can tell about those mysterious Orientals.

Regards,
BILL

"You're not only one of them eggheads," Willie said. "You're a sorehead."

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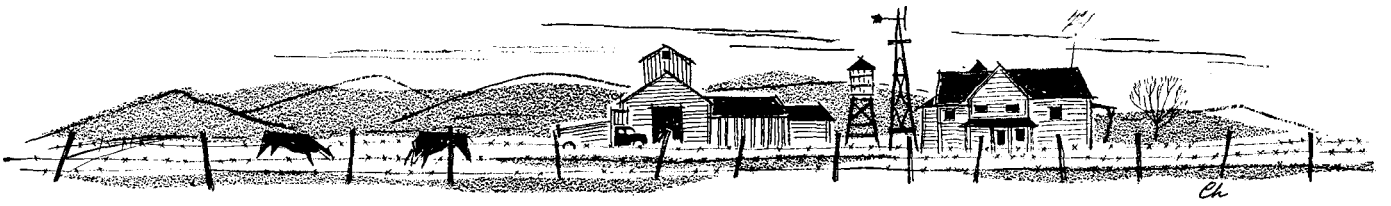

CHANNELS:

Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

TELEVISION has performed one major service: It has restored the human face.* Radio could not show it; Hollywood has for decades been molding it in its own image, which it calls glamour. For many years we have seen a series of pretty masks unmarred by character and capable only of the few expressions needed to convey the few ideas provided. Now Hollywood has abandoned the face for the façade, and the camera is trained on features which, while undeniably attractive, are capable of even less variety.

But television lives by the face—the face of the Senator, the face of the housewife, the face of the child, the intense, unadorned face of the young woman who is learning to be an actress without the aid of her breasts. Peace, it's wonderful—to look at charm without conformity, at attraction without "glamour," at plain outright homeliness. Thank you, television. And thank the human face, for without it you would really be in a bad way. So far, you reach your high points only with reality: on the angry ocean of "Victory at Sea," in the bleak hills of Korea, on a city street corner, on the floor of the General Assembly. The face of nature, the face of man—when you attend to these you are a compelling medium. It is when artifice creeps in that you are so often so bad. For artifice is still your substitute for art, and contrivance your substitute for creativeness. And radio is to a large degree responsible.

*Note: The term "human face" does not include daytime masters of ceremonies and commercial announcers. Those who sell themselves in order to sell products belong to some other race, the identification of which I leave to anthropologists.

Inner vs. Outer Eye

It was to be expected that the minds and techniques of radio should take over its precocious younger sister, but it is a great pity that they did. For aside from bequeathing to this new medium the ability to fill sixteen hours a day without pause or confusion—a feat of professional skill which is awing if not desirable—radio has handed over its worst faults (commercial domination, stereotyped production, constriction of thought) and, ironically enough, its one great and largely unexploited virtue—lack of sight. Men accustomed to addressing the ear are now, on television, unequipped to address the eye. In terms of visual art and taste, television is therefore twenty years behind the times.

Undoubtedly TV's defense is that the physical limitations are tremendous. The exigencies of space and light do certainly make some effects impossible and others inevitable. But limitations are a challenge to the true artist, who—if allowed—could make a magic casement of the small frame. At present, instead of opening on the "foam of perilous seas" (or any other scene of imagination), the inner vision is reduced and betrayed by the outer sham. An agency can supply artifice, but only the artist can supply illusion.

Take, as a particularly cruel instance, the "Kate Smith Hour" on NBC at 4 P.M. daily (E.S.T.). The sets for this variety show are straight 1925 Shubert: foregrounds of fake rosebushes, paper-thin arbors, trellises and fences; rose-covered cottage façades; painted backdrops of sunsets, winding lanes, and darkling skies. Periodically Miss Smith sings her way back into an interior of brocade and candelabra not seen since the brownstone era. There are better sets than these, such as the modern interior in which "Mike and Buff" disport themselves on CBS at 3:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) daily. But again, this is realism and not illusion.

'Omnibus' Revisited

So far only "Omnibus" has tried to apply the new visual techniques—so admirably adopted for so many years by the theater, decoration, publishing, and industry—to the new medium. Its opening sequences have a distinction wholly lacking in most other programs. And even when its producers err in judgment, as they did by letting the great Spaniard José Greco dance before a background so cluttered and "busy" that it was in constant conflict with his own splendid line, they are to be applauded for their attempts.

For the artist is as vital to the illusion of this intensely visual medium as the writer, the actor, the cameraman, and the electrician. And so far as I can see, television has made no use of him at all. Is it perhaps because he is a free man?

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Recalled to Life,

or,

Charles Dickens at the Bar

MARY McCARTHY

CHARLES DICKENS: HIS TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH, by Edgar Johnson. *Simon & Schuster. 2 vols., $10.*

IN THE eighty-odd years since his death, Charles Dickens has been summoned again and again from the tomb to face the verdict of history. The latest qualified expert to view the body and announce his findings is Edgar Johnson, a professor at City College, the author of an eleven-hundred-page biography that reads like the report of some officially constituted commission that hands in its verdict as follows: The deceased is cleared of the charge of sentimentality (finding: healthy emotion), chidden for his domestic conduct, and awarded a place among the world's great authors, in recognition of his social vision.

Dickens hated officials, but his critics and biographers, almost inevitably, feel called upon to assume an official air when dealing with his "case." Each critic clears his throat with a vast administrative harumph and scans the expectant courtroom before imparting his conclusions. Attorneys for the defense scribble while listening to the prosecution's summation; on the bench a hanging judge peers over the bar to anathematize the quivering defendant; alienists and character witnesses succeed each other on the stand. Advocates of Dickens like Mr. Johnson have the anxious note of apologists, now glossing over and extenuating, now reprobating stoutly, lest they be charged with undue partiality. His assailants, on the other hand, present themselves as inquisitors, text in hand, eager to convict poor Dickens out of his own mouth of crimes of bad writing, crudity, unreality, unfriendliness to the proletariat, to business, to the Jews, to foreigners; "he could not paint a gentleman," and it is "questionable" whether he regarded the poor as equals.

Here, as in most inquisitions, the metonymic principle is at work—the part is substituted for the whole, and a single "incriminating" utterance is produced in court to lay bare the man in his totality. This desire to criminate has singled Dickens out uniquely among great writers; Dostoevsky sometimes wrote badly; he was virulently anti-Semitic, anti-Polish, anti-Catholic; but nobody seeks to indict him for it. And Dickens's defenders accept the criminative method when they produce a good Jew, Riah, to offset the bad Fagin, sympathetic aristocrats and proletarians to offset their opposite numbers; in their eagerness to give Dickens a clean bill of health, they are willing to strip him down to a few inoffensive platitudes.

David Copperfield makes himself known to his aunt

Perhaps this zeal, however, merely testifies to the fact that Dickens is still alive—a burning issue. Certainly, the performance of Anthony West in the *New Yorker* of January 10 suggests that it is a living man who is being collared and haled before justice. Reviewing Mr. Johnson's biography becomes, for Mr. West, an occasion for a violent attack, not on Mr. Johnson, but on Dickens—the most violent attack, to my knowledge, in all Dickens literature.

HE WAS *not* a great writer, proclaims Mr. West, but a mere entertainer, an artist who sold his birthright for popular applause. Furthermore, he was a pious fraud and a hypocrite, a veritable Pecksniff. He was not really interested in industrial reforms, but jumped on the band wagon when he saw that Mrs. Gaskell and others were making a good thing of the cause. When he attacked social abuses, he was merely following in the wake of his audience, which was way ahead of him in its clamor for social change. Far from being a critic of imperialism, he was guilty of being an imperialist of the lesser-breeds-without-the-law order; his "real" feelings about this subject are embodied not in his novels but in a private letter to a philanthropic lady written at the time of the Indian Mutiny. ". . . the attack on heartless economic theory," as embodied in Scrooge, was "a safety play that can be relied upon to ruffle nobody." Another attack on heartless economic theory, *Hard Times,* is "dubious social criticism . . . childish in its ignorance of what businessmen are like or were like as it is in its conception of industrial problems.

"Dickens's imagination, in matters

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"POLITICAL DYNAMITE!"

"HITS THE READER RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!"

What Reviewers Say:

"Edward Rager, the former New York City Councilman, urged long before the Kefauver hearings that corruption in New York be investigated. His book, THE RAT RACE, is, to say the least, very disturbing . . . readers will be shocked that such conditions could prevail in a city as progressive as New York. And if such hard-cored corruption can exist in New York, then it can exist in any locality in the U. S. . . . Rager fulfills his purpose in presenting a shocking picture of the filth that the Kefauver committee hearings proved could creep into government."
—HOUSTON (Tex.) CHRONICLE

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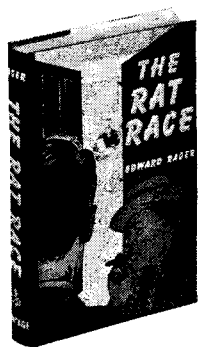

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Bill Sikes

of finance, never got beyond petty cash. None of his rich men are really wealthy, and none of them are engaged in credible affairs. 'Hard Times' is, however, wholehearted in its attack on two things—education and Parliament—that were the really effective instruments of social reform. . . ."

WHAT IS bewildering in this violence is first of all the fact that it seems to issue from an almost insensate ignorance of Dickens's writing and life—is it education that Dickens is attacking in *Hard Times* or "education"? Compare the dates of Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* (1848) and *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1841), where Dickens first assailed the factory system—who was following whom? "Petty cash"—Mr. Merdle's transactions? Dombey not wealthy, or Jarndyce of *Bleak House* or Mr. Boffin, the golden dustman? And if Dickens was cut off "from easy intercourse with his intellectual equals all through his life" and surrounded himself "with an entourage of second-raters," is this meant to be a judgment on Thackeray, the Carlyles, Mrs. Gaskell, Lord John Russell, George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, Tennyson, Landor, Mazzini, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo—Dickens's friends and intimates? If Dickens was following in the wake of his audience, how did that audience make its views felt? Not in legislation, certainly, which lagged far behind Dickens. Was it Parliament or Dickens that was the really effective instrument of social reform?

It had been argued that Dickens the social reformer and pamphleteer swamped Dickens the artist. Edward Sackville-West put this case at its strongest when he declared that Dickens's bathos was required to awaken pity in the hardened Victorian heart. But if this was a sin, it was a generous sin, as most of Dickens's critics have conceded. Mr. West is the first, so far as I know, to pretend that Dickens's art was a calculated untruth aimed to swell the volume of sales.

Yet a child (to take Dickens's own favorite touchstone of truth and purity of response) has only to read a single chapter of *Oliver Twist*, say, to perceive that here is both a heated critic of society and a ready sentimentalist. We do not need a biographer to tell us that Dickens wrote his "affecting" passages with tears in his eyes; that is precisely what makes us wish to turn our own dry eyes away from the moist spectacle of the author. George Eliot also underwent a hysterical transformation as she wrote her climactic pages, the very pages we cannot read today without mortification for that gaunt, moralistic dame.

And the highbrow reader of the era was attuned to these vibrations. Daniel O'Connell, the Irish political leader, was so affected by the death of Little Nell that he burst into sobs and threw the book out the window of the railway carriage he was traveling in, groaning, "He should not have killed her." Walter Savage Landor, Macready the actor, Carlyle, and Jeffrey the critic were all overcome by the chapter; in Jeffrey's case, a visitor, perceiving his condition, feared she was intruding on a real bereavement. I do not agree with Mr. Johnson that this was healthy emotion; rather it has the eerie quality of a mass phenomenon, like the possession of the nuns of Loudun.

IN ANY CASE, it was genuine enough, of its kind. The excessive suggestibility of the Victorians probably had something to do with "alienation," with the transformations being wrought in man and countryside by the process of mechanization. Already, in the eighteenth century, in the early stages of the Industrial Revolution, there appeared that taste for prodigies, for the august and the sublime, that the Victorians brought to fulfillment in their passion for mountain climbing, for gorges and precipices, for the abysmal vertigo of crime and innocence, horror and bathos. Feeling, shrinking before the industrial vistas, sought to accommodate itself to the new scale of things by developing its own kinetics. Popular authors like Dickens and George Eliot differed from the ordinary public in that they possessed an internal self-starter of emotion.

Wind-up Characters

Yet if Dickens was the prosperous owner of such a gadget or patent, he was also, of all his contemporaries, the man who looked upon the new mechanized human being with the greatest sense of fear and astonishment. For this is what many of his famous "characters" are: wind-up toys, large or small, that move in jerks and starts, whose machinery whirs toilsomely before they begin to speak. How a man can become a monster or a mechanical marvel is the question that preoccupies Dickens throughout the whole of his work. And these mechanical marvels he shows us are not travesties of men invented by a satirical author; they are appallingly true to life. Mr. Dorrit, Pecksniff, Uriah Heep—these are the travesties man has made of himself.

Leaving aside the heroes and hero-

Mrs. Gamp

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'Farewell to Dickens'

ines, Dickens's world is divided into two kingdoms: the kingdom of metal, which is dominated by the hunchback Quilp, that malignant Vulcan, armored and carapaced, who eats hard-boiled eggshells and prawns with their heads and tails on and cools his brazen throat by drinking boiling grog straight from the saucepan; and the kingdom of vegetables, presided over by Mr. Dick, Mr. Wemmick, and the Aged P.

Thingified Vegetables

The vegetable kingdom is more amiable; its inhabitants have lapsed into nature and present themselves as botanical curiosities—harmless on the whole, except for an occasional flycatcher plant. But they too have lost their humanity, which stirs in them only as a rum memory. They have obdurately become things, like the men of brass and iron, and they differ from the latter principally in that they do not treat other men as things but are content to soliloquize, mystifyingly, in their own patch of ground. This obduracy is typical of all true Dickens creations: A true Dickens character never listens to the protests of reality; he inflexibly orates. In short, he has officialized himself, like Mr. Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, receiving his testimonials, or Mr. Bounderby, who has invented his own authorized biography, or Mrs. Gamp, who has invented her own reference, the imaginary Mrs. Harris. All these people live in shatterproof hierarchical structures.

The thingification of man, to use Kant's term, is Dickens's inexhaustible subject and the source of his power and fascination. To treat another man as a thing, you must first become a very large thing yourself—an impervious thing. This was Dickens's discovery, and he remains the only writer (outside of Gogol, whom in many ways he resembles) to have this dreadful insight, not as an abstract theorem but as a concrete apprehension of a process, like the processes of manufacturing that were being developed with such rapidity in his day. "There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel," says the convict Magwitch, impressively, to frighten the boy Pip in the churchyard. This passage has been criticized on the ground that Magwitch, realistically, would not look upon himself as a horrid apparition. But this casual self-knowledge, precisely, is what transfixes not only the boy Pip but the reader: The man Magwitch—how is it possible?—sees what he has become and uses himself as a bogy to terrify a child in a graveyard; and the fact of the frank perception prepares for Magwitch's redemption, the change of heart on which Dickens placed so many hopes. Otherwise, the accents are those of Marlowe's Mephistophelis: "Why this is hell, nor am I out of it."

Dombey

'This Was a Man'

When Dickens tries to create virtue or manliness, he generally fails. And yet this quality is not absent from his work, for it is present in wonderful abundance in the author himself. *This was a man*—again and again one is halted in the midst of a page to make this wondering observation, as though Dickens himself, and not his characters, were the marvel.

The author does not mean to display this quality of manliness, as he displays, say, the virtue of Little Dorrit or Nell; it takes the reader unawares. He did not mean to display it in his life, but time and again the reader of any Dickens biography is halted by the blaze of energy, the magnanimity, the bravery, the spontaneous anger, the quick assumption of responsibility.

Can it be that this is what is amiss? Are today's critics and biographers sincerely disturbed to find a *man* entombed in the Westminster Abbey grave? A *man* entombed in the novels—the last place, apparently, they would expect to find one today? Is

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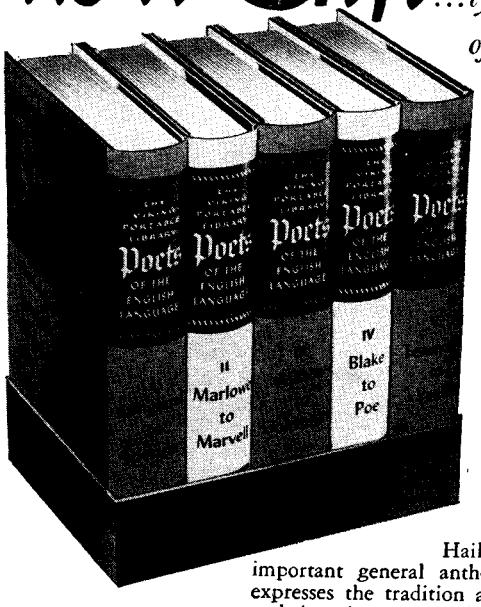

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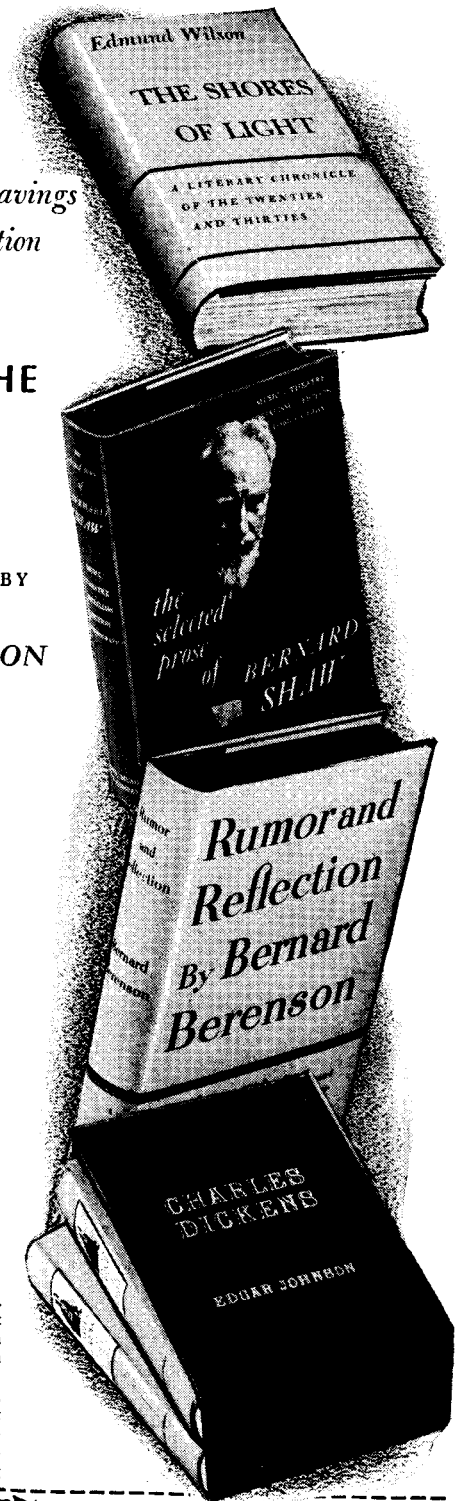

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Mr. Dickens's last reading

this why even the best of Dickens's recent critics approach him in such a gingerly fashion, as if they feared to be held accountable for any slip of the pen concerning him?

In a certain sense, of course, they are right to take these precautions, to keep their distance from Dickens and display him as a specimen that has come under official notice. Mr. West's outburst in the *New Yorker* is evidence that there exists a profound hostility to Dickens that may break out anywhere without warning, though not, as one might think, in highbrow circles, where the charge "mere entertainer" might have some relevance, but in commercial journalism: Orville Prescott in the New York *Times* promptly echoed Mr. West's judgment, and *Time* magazine found a citation from Lenin to prove that Dickens was not "a social revolutionary." Like the mysterious utterances of Mr. F.'s aunt, this animus of Mr. West's spouts up from arcane caverns that perhaps underlie the whole of modern "humanistic" culture.

BOOK NOTES

THE RUSSIAN MENACE TO EUROPE, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. Edited by Paul W. Blackstock and Bert F. Hoselitz. *Free Press (Glencoe, Ill.). $3.75.*

This interesting curiosity brings together the random writings of Marx and Engels, mostly the latter, on the foreign policy of Czarist Russia and the outlook for a Russian revolution.

A great deal of the material is journalistic rehash of nineteenth-century diplomacy, but there is enough characteristic analysis to make the volume a welcome addition to the huge library of Marxism.

Both Marx and Engels abhorred Pan-Slavism, as revolutionists and as Germans; sometimes it is not clear which motivation was the stronger. In any case, their campaign against "Slavdom" has had the most ironic fate in present-day Russia. Since Stalin has identified himself with Czarist expansionism, these writings read like polemics from the grave against the Czar's successors. No wonder, then, that Stalin himself in 1934 refused to permit the republication of an essay on "The Foreign Policy of Russian Czarism" which Engels had written in 1890.

Since it was too late for him to suppress the author, he merely suppressed the essay.

●

SECTIONAL BIASES IN CONGRESS ON FOREIGN POLICY, by George L. Grassmuck. *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Series 68, No. 3. $2.*

The author has tackled an extremely significant problem and presents some significant findings. To establish the trends of Congressional voting on legislation dealing with foreign affairs, he has divided the country into seven basic sections, and has studied voting percentages in two periods, 1921-1932 (when the Republicans were in power), and 1933-1941 (when the Democrats held power). The problem posed was: What influence did sectionalism in Congress have on foreign-policy matters during these twenty years?

He found, for example, that the Northeast region was the most "internationalist" regardless of the party in power. He found the Great Plains (Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas) the great "opposition" section, standing against foreign involvements even though their national party leaders might be in favor of them. "No other region registered deviations from the party means so consistently large." Great Plains legislators of both parties in both houses and in both periods opposed a big Army and a big Navy, foreign loans and aid, and repeal of neutrality restrictions. "Sectional deviations for Plains Congressmen of each party become larger whenever their party gains control of the government." Yet, while the opposition to participating in war and to building instruments of war was extreme, "the attitude on international organization was surprisingly near normal."

The South was most "party-minded," except on foreign loan and aid measures. Border State Congressmen generally voted according to the main party policy. The Lake States (Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois) showed party regularity during the 1920's, but in the 1930's they showed a tendency to be more regional than national in sentiment. The Rocky Mountain states showed above-average party regularity in the 1920's and below-average in the 1930's. As for the Pacific Coast, its Representatives tended to vote with above-average party regularity, while its Senators were below-average voters on foreign-affairs legislation.

A book such as this, technically conceived and executed, and loaded with statistics, is not intended for the layman, but its findings are well worth recording for hir

●

THE YOUNG MADELEINE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOUNG GIRL IN MONTMARTRE, by Mrs. Robert Henrey. *E. P. Dutton and Co. $4.00.*

The title of this book does it the disservice of suggesting that its content will be pleasant, picturesque, and slight—sidewalk cafés, quaint Montmartre painters in cloak and beret, scenes perhaps for plastic shower curtains in New York bathrooms to remind nostalgic bathers of the last time they saw Paris. *The Little Madeleine*, however, is not at all that kind of book; the Paris life it describes is the life of the poor; the quality it illustrates is courage. Contemporary French novelists have been little concerned with courage or have shown it as resulting from a dreary process of reasoned despair; but courage, the old-fashioned kind that faces the daily struggle with poverty and is never recognized or alluded to by those who possess it, is at the center of this extraordinarily moving document.

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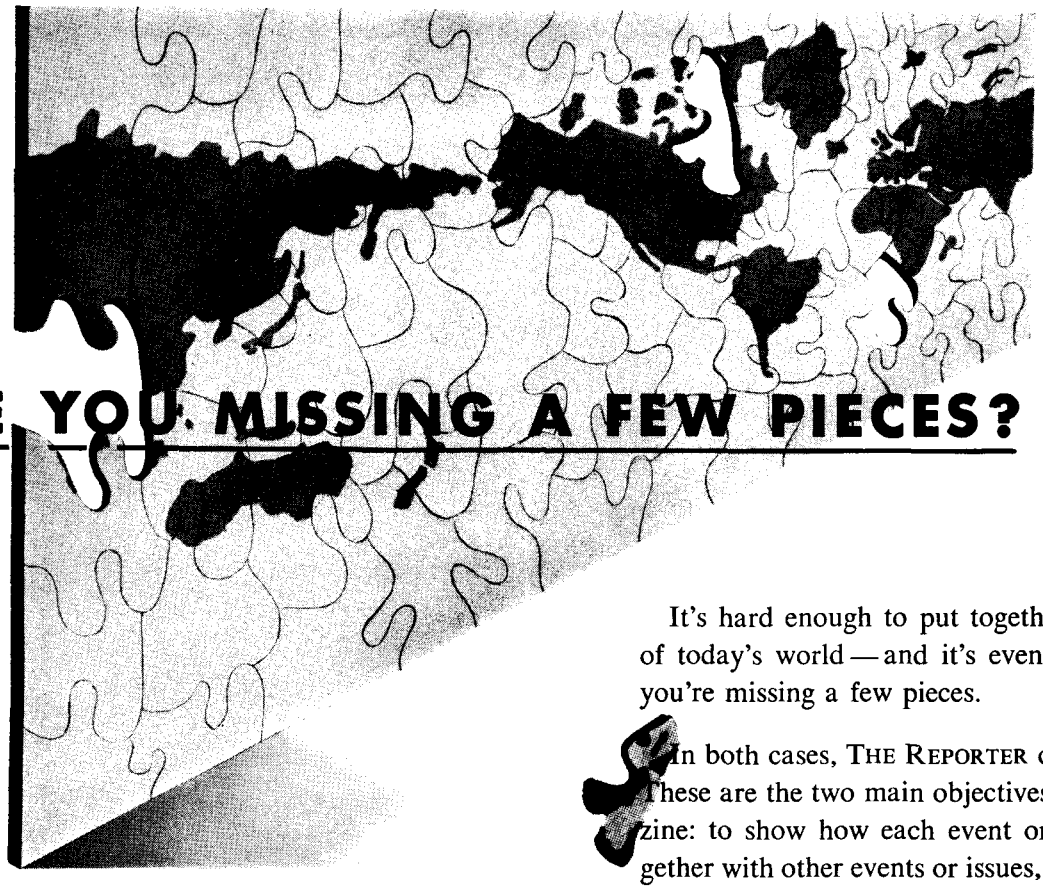

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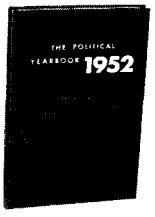

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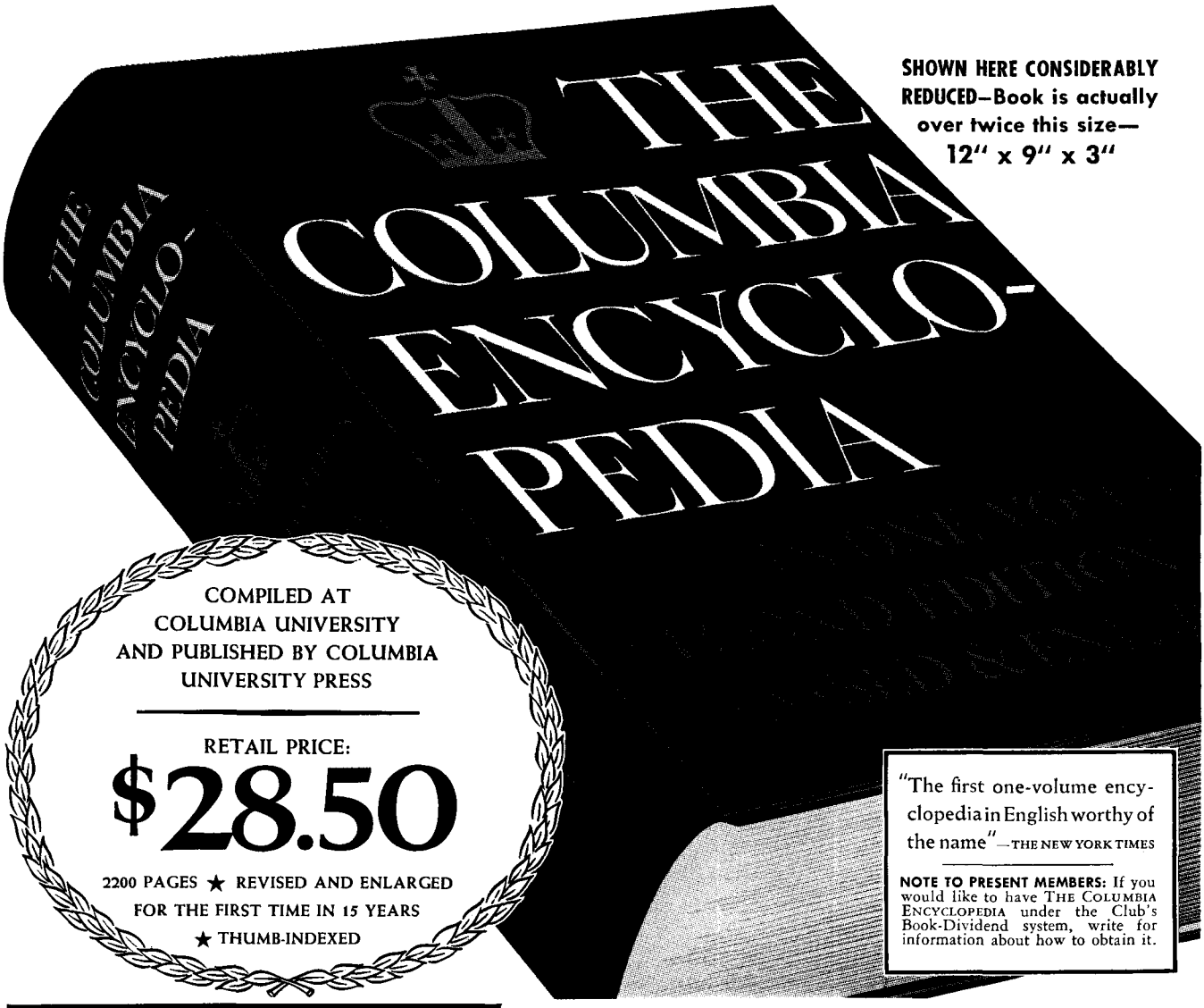

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★ **AS A MEMBER YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS WITHIN YOUR FIRST YEAR OF MEMBERSHIP** from among the Club's selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA AT ONCE.** It will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection as a new member, please see coupon.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS YOU WILL RECEIVE, FREE, WITH EVERY SECOND BOOK YOU BUY** a beautiful or useful library volume — *over and above* THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA. This member profit-sharing *is similar to what happens* in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given without charge to members. During the year, the volumes thus given away will have an average retail value of *at least* $6.00 each.

★ **YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES: Frequently you buy a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, not knowing it is such, and often pay more for it than you would as a member. *Why not buy from the Club these selections you would buy anyway?* You will usually pay less for them. You will share in the Club's Book-Dividend plan. And, not least, you will actually get and read the particular new books you are anxious not to miss, but which you frequently fail to read through oversight or procrastination.

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